

HELSENKI CHECK LIST ALEX BEAM

THE NATION

JUNE 11, 1977

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The United Mine Workers: Bad Days in Boom Times

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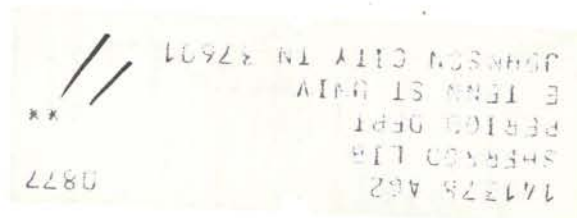
**NUCLEAR FIRST STRIKE?
THE PENTAGON IS
WORKING ON IT**

Robert C. Aldridge

Civil War in Islamic America

Askia Muhammad

INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD PRICE



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LETTERS

you can't please everyone

Philadelphia, Pa.

I want to comment on two articles and a letter: "Between Survival and Solvency," by Ernst Pawel; "The Prospect with Peres," by David Caploe and the letter "Israel—pro or anti" [all in *The Nation* of May 14].

I wish to answer them as a survivor of the Holocaust, who lost his family in Auschwitz, and fought for the survival of Israel in 1948 when six Arab armies attacked the infant state of Israel with the intention only to finish Hitler's job.

All three writers speak about the Arab refugees, but they forget to mention how little Israel absorbed more than a million Jewish refugees expelled from the Arab countries with only their rags on their backs while confiscating billions of dollars of property that Israel didn't ask to return to them. And not creating any refugee problem, as the rich oil Arab countries have done with the Arab refugees to this day. Demanding of Israel it give up its land by creating the twenty-first hostile Arab state, so Israel can be destroyed. I recommend to the writers that they read *The Case for Israel* by Frank Gervasi. And they will learn there the real truth about Israel and the so-called "Palestinians."

Yaakov Riz, Executive Director
Jewish Identity Center, Holocaust Museum

Bronx, N.Y.

How come you review the Middle East situation *always* from an Israeli or pro-Israeli point of view? How come you *never* defend or even mention the violation of human rights of Palestinians (either under occupation or in Lebanon)? How come you *never* mention the historical injustice which has been done and still is being done to Palestinian people by your Israeli friends? Instead you talk about politics, politics and always as how Israelis would see it. If you continue that way, my friends and I will *not* renew our subscription. Jamshid Alizadeh, M.D.

Let's boy

Oakland, Calif.

The irony of Nixon's remark about Lot and his wife is even worse than you suggested [editorial, "Dirty Linen Sale," May 21]. I'm sure he *was* aware of the analogy of flames and destruction with the course he was pursuing in Cambodia. He was trying to say that in this instance Kissinger was a little squeamish about the justification for it.

The grotesqueness of the analogy is that, while Nixon consciously chose it as an expression of his toughness in the face of difficult decisions, it also tacitly manages to portray him as the blameless faithful servant of God, walking away from the destruction that *those* people brought on themselves. He dissociates himself from any responsibility for the holocaust we rained on the Vietnamese, and makes himself a sort of suffering observer. . . .

Robert W. Wrubel

the Fagans of East Lansing

I am writing a book about the Fagan family of East Lansing, Mich. (1918-48). I would very much like to correspond with anyone who knew Peter, Sarah, Ruth, Mary Ann or Jean Fagan. (Remember the Lansing Unemployed Council, Socialist Party branch, League for Industrial Democracy lectures? The grand jury investigation of Michigan State University, the Automobile Workers union, the Oxford peace pledge meeting, WPA Writers Project, Lansing Labor Holiday, *Capital City News* and *News of Lansing*?)

Ann Fagan Ginger
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EDITORIALS

Energy Brownout

A great silence has fallen over the "energy crisis" which the President proclaimed in such urgent tones just seven weeks ago. Carter himself is almost mute on it, and Congress is proceeding in its stately way to consider his proposals, ruminating on the grim realities. Nothing has really changed since Carter gave warning. The country is still guzzling gas, the oil companies are busy raking in profits, all the interests are scheming for advantage in whatever system replaces the current one. With leadership absent, Americans can only go ahead and use up the irreplaceable fossil fuels while no decisions are made about how we will proceed without them.

This is not to say that we should have expected a whole new way of dealing with the energy shortage to spring from Carter's brow the moment he proclaimed the emergency. Things don't happen that way in this or any other country. But there is a striking gap between the near stridency of the tone Carter used when he told the country in April how bad things were, what fearful prospects we faced, and the slackness of the follow-up. It is no answer to say, as they regrettably do in Washington, that the ball is now in Congress's court. The utter lack of a sense of urgency will suggest to Americans that the President's Energy Week was just another grandstand play, a media hype, something to remind people that the President is still there.

Could it be that Carter himself has had second thoughts about the crisis he proclaimed and the plan he whipped up in three months with the help of that odd character, James Schlesinger? Is he in truth resigned to doing not very much about the "crisis"? If he thinks that something must be done, is he prepared to leave things in the hands of those corporate interests which, just the other day, were urging us on to higher and higher levels of consumption?

Unfortunately, there is reason to believe that all of these questions must be answered affirmatively. James F. Flug of the Energy Action Committee has made a devastating analysis of Carter's shifting positions on government policy toward the energy industry, during and after his campaign for the Presidency (*The Nation*, May 28). It amounts to a transit from what Flug calls "a campaign fudge on gas-price deregulation" to a "multibillion-dollar commitment to the oil and gas industry," and from "a promise to break Big Oil away from Big Coal into a tract against oil-coal separation."

A remarkable feature of the Flug account is the obfuscation it reveals in the Carter shift. It permits no other conclusion but that the President and Czar Schlesinger mean to leave things in the hands of the combines that now "give" us our energy. That way lies crisis for the American people in the years to come and comfort for the corporate suppliers.

Barry Commoner, a profound student of man's handling of life-support systems, reaches similarly pessimistic judgment on where the Carter proposals will lead us in a *Washington Post* article of May 29. Like Flug, he has made

the effort to decipher Carter's signals, which are far from clear, and has concluded that they spell out a vast commitment to nuclear energy and a consequent long delay in the essential "transition to renewable energy." Commoner sees this as the equivalent of the Ford proposal to spend \$100 billion "to subsidize nuclear power, synthetic oil and other capital-intensive energy operations . . . but this time under the banner of conservation."

That is the trouble with this and other Carter programs—banners boldly flapping over weakness. Commoner sees a "proclivity for beguiling us with one goal while in fact moving toward another." He applies this stricture to the energy program's apparent turning away from "existing" plutonium breeder plans toward "evaluation of alternative breeders, advanced converter reactors and other fuel cycles," which he regards as committing us, almost clandestinely, to a huge nuclear development program that would foreclose "the choice of the solar route."

The foreclosure would take place because the capital demands of what Carter seems to have in mind would soak up such a large proportion of the shrinking pool of money available for the development of energy. It goes without saying, though Commoner says it convincingly, that the providers and managers of that capital would be the same types who, with their heedless salesmanship, brought us the energy shortage.

There is a political, as against a technical, matter of choice involved in the decisions that are being made for us. It is, in Commoner's words, that "solar energy is inherently decentralized . . . ; businesses of all sizes could compete equally. Solar energy can be directly controlled by those who use it. The solar route fosters democracy." On the stark other hand, as he writes, the inevitable super-concentration of nuclear power leads in the precisely opposite direction: "The nuclear route could easily end with the nation's energy system, and therefore its entire life, dominated by whatever economic, political or military force could capture control of its few central generating stations." If that should occur, we would all be hostages to finance capital, as helpless as passengers on a hijacked plane.

The Carter White House seems to take pleasure in reminding people that he never claimed to be anything other than a "fiscal conservative," however "liberal" were his views on other, less central issues. Are we now to conclude that fiscal conservatism means simply turning over the management of the whole economy to the monopolies—even that vital part of it that turns the wheels and lights and heats American homes? Is Carter's

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brand of Populism so dead that it now embraces the "trusts" it once hated?

On the measures to deal with the "energy crisis" that Carter has proclaimed, Congress will dispose, in the usual way, with what Carter has proposed. That way will be better liked by the energy combines and their bankers than what the President seemed to be demanding, in the general interest, less than two months ago. It is therefore all the more regrettable that the President has so rapidly weakened his positions on energy and allowed a "crisis" to become just another routine media event.

The Burden of Nixon

That depressing four-part serial, "Richard Nixon, Richard Nixon," is over, but the memory lingers on. The 37th President simply won't go away and let us forget all that he stood for and against. It is a mistake to think that he ever will fade away. We will have Nixon to kick around as long as he draws breath and money is available to tempt him out of his plush hermitage in San Clemente.

The Washington Post bid that brooding presence farewell, without quite hailing him, in an editorial titled "Goodbye to All That" (May 28). The newspaper that had done so much to bring him down said that "There are only a certain number of times that you can say goodbye to Richard Nixon," and proceeded to do so at length for what it proclaimed to be the last time.

No such luck. His million-dollar memoirs are still to come. Then there are Kissinger's works in the works, and "my drunken friend," as the Secretary of State was given to calling Nixon, will certainly have a riposte to those recollections. The TV series has finally provoked the secretive H.R. Haldeman, Nixon's White House chief of staff, to start jogging in preparation for his pugilistic response, with "gloves off and no holds barred." And so on and on, with attack and defense, tit for tat, in this endless tale of low conduct in high places during the Nixon years.

There will always be an audience for this continuous show. Americans will go on looking for the answer to the question: how did we ever happen to elect him as our chief magistrate? They will keep biting on that sore tooth in something like the way that ex-Communists probe for the roots of their adherence to that abandoned cause. How could we have gone so wrong?, they ask themselves, and the ready answer does not come. Richard Nixon in retrospect is hard on the national sense of self-esteem.

Such substance as there was in the Frost interviews, scattered among Nixon's impressions of the world's leaders and his maundering self-pity, was appalling. It amounts to a blueprint for a Presidential *coup d'état* that would have ended our constitutional system of government. That the blueprint was badly drawn and that the man who would have executed it was so riddled with neurotic conflicts as to be extremely indecisive is small comfort. It takes no stretch of the imagination to bring to mind a Presidential character that would have the will and intelligence to do what Nixon could only brood about in sulky impotence.

Nixon did not invent the rationale for a Presidential assumption of unconstitutional power, he merely vulgarized it. It could even be argued that his comparison of himself and Lincoln and the domestic strife each of them faced was so grotesque that it discredited the notion of an absolutely untrammelled President. But that might be too optimistic a reading of what lay back of his amazing remark that "paranoia for peace isn't that bad."

The fact is, and has been for at least three decades, that the "national security" of the great power we have become provides the most convincing excuse for a ruthless President to become a ruler instead of merely the head of the executive branch of our deliberately divided government. All of the spying, harassment and provocation that went on under Nixon in the name of that elusive security is just a foretaste of what a really determined President could do in a crisis that could be made to seem, and might actually be, more threatening than that distant, pointless war in Indochina.

Meanwhile the disgraced but unimpeached Nixon, who denied his country the purging effect of a constitutional trial, goes on appearing and reappearing, selling himself all the while, and reminding us more of our national error in electing him than of his own dreadful conduct in office. The trial is ours and it will last as long as he does.

Fire Drill

If you want to be a fireman in Jersey City, N.J., you had better answer most of the following true-false questions correctly: Evil spirits possess me at times / I am very strongly attracted by members of my own sex / I think Lincoln was greater than Washington / I like poetry / I am a good mixer / I have often wished I were a girl (or if you are a girl) I have often been sorry that I am a girl.

Those are just samples of questions on the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory test (MMPI) which is given to would-be firefighters in the late Mayor Hague's home town. That old municipal tyrant would have pooh-poohed this "inventory" (his one question would have been either "Who do you know?" or "What have you done for the machine lately?"). But so does the American Civil Liberties Union of New Jersey, which has brought suit in federal court to stop this nonsense, calling it a violation of the First Amendment's protection of "freedom of belief."

One can, we suppose, argue that the MMPI is a crude kind of intelligence test—a man who was dopey enough to confess to sexual ambivalence or check "false" after "I believe in law enforcement" might not be able to find the end of a hose or his way back to the engine house. But it is, of course, an outrageous invasion of privacy in addition to being an irrelevant psycho-sociological boondoggle, pure make-work for civil service bureaucrats and their allies in the academy.

This kind of questionnairing has spread far and wide in our society. It is the result of the symbiosis between social scientists with time and ambition on their hands and bureaucrats needing "projects" to justify their existence. It could be considered comical were it not for its Big Brother aspect. If you add the voracious computer

to this mischievous mix, storing up all those answers by individuals and spewing them out to anyone who presses the right buttons, you have something quite dangerously nasty.

A Jersey City fireman would be better off licking the boots of his ward boss to get a job on a ladder than he is satisfying the curiosity of a bunch of social psychologists working for benighted civil servants. The courts should put a stop to this ominous frivolity.

Courtesy Calls

One corner of the arras that screens off *The Way Things Are Done* in this country was discreetly lifted on the financial pages of *The New York Times* on May 30. This glimpse of the Power Elite, the Establishment, the Decision Makers at work, is of more than passing interest. It revealed the marriage ceremony between the American diplomatic and business worlds in the briefing of two Ambassadors by an outfit called the Business Council for International Understanding.

The BCIU, to get familiar with it, is the offspring of eighty blue-chip corporations and, says the *Times's* Ann Crittenden, its mission is to "introduce government policy makers to what it calls the hard realities of American corporate interests abroad." Those who are innocent of these realities can only imagine how flinty they must be.

For example, President Carter's new envoy to Brussels, a newspaper publisher from Atlanta named Anne Cox Chambers, was sternly told by executives of four U.S. companies doing business in Belgium that in the past our Embassy there "had not done enough to help American companies with European defense contracts." They then went on to point out which Belgian arms to twist to help them sell arms over there. Now Ambassador Chambers must know that she should push weapons as well as cookies.

Another visitor to the BCIU's sanctum was William H. Sullivan, Carter's Ambassador to Iran, recently at home in the Philippines dictatorship and before that one of the worst of the American Establishment's hatchet men for Indochina—the one who as Ambassador to Vientiane

ran the secret war in Laos and lied to Congress about it in the most brazen way (and was, nonetheless, cravenly confirmed by the Senate). One would not think that Sullivan needed any coaching in "hard realities," but he went obediently to the council, there to be told by one corporate figure (the *Times* could eavesdrop only if it used no names, corporate or personal) that "the greatest service you could perform is to really speak frankly to the Shah, but you can't. You'd be declared *persona non grata* at once."

Businessmen often speak a curious kind of English—one must assume that the man who said those words does not share our view that Sullivan is a disastrous choice as Ambassador to Teheran and did not intend that he should speak out to the "megalo-maniac" Shah and thus abruptly end his mission. At least Sullivan's hosts at the BCIU seemed to have a glimmer about the real situation in Iran; they told him that there was little chance that the Shah would develop agriculture there or stop buying "gold-plated" technology, mainly military, which his subjects are not equipped to use. One would have to know what the particular businessmen who advised Sullivan make and sell in order to judge the sincerity of their counsel.

Apparently this project for the indoctrination of American diplomats by businessmen has the hearty blessing of the State Department. It is on record as urging Ambassadors to arrange for "personal exposure to this program" of the BCIU, on which, says an official letter of a few years ago, "the department has long depended." The whole thing began in 1957 when fifty business chief executives met at the White House with then Vice President Nixon. Two years ago the BCIU seems to have stepped up its activities, because its members feared that Kissinger's 1975 speech to the United Nations portended "accommodation of Third World demands at the expense of multinational corporations," as the *Times* puts it.

We shall continue this comment on the moving and shaking of our diplomatic top brass, when and if the curtain is again pulled aside. It probably won't happen soon; the BCIU must be having second thoughts about Ann Crittenden's presence in its sanctum.

Helsinki Check List: Russia Keeps Tabs

ALEX BEAM

Barely a month after the signing of the Final Act of the Helsinki summit in 1975, Georgy Arbatov, the influential director of Moscow's USA Institute, summed up the Soviet position on Helsinki compliance in a major policy article for *Izvestia*:

We would like to point out that [implementation] is a mutual affair—the fulfillment of the provisions of "basket three" . . . will require effort not only from our side, but from the West as well. . . .

The article went on to describe some of the less salutary events of recent American history—Watergate, the Ellsberg trial, violations of civil liberties by the intelligence agencies—and concluded, "Physician, heal thyself."

Since then the Soviets have taken every opportunity to document real and imagined U.S. violations of the Helsinki Accord. If the United States and its allies press too hard on "human rights" and "basket three" (expansion of East-West contacts) issues at this summer's follow-up conferences in Belgrade, the USSR delegation will no doubt elaborate on the Ford administration's admission that American compliance is not "immune to criticism."

For the past two years, and especially since the inauguration of President Carter, the Soviet press has openly ridiculed the American concern for human rights in Commu-

Alex Beam, a free-lance writer, has recently returned from nine months in Russia.

nist countries. In the Soviet Marxist view, human rights include economic rights—the right to work, the right to earn a decent living. Thus, poverty and unemployment in America are for the Soviets violations of the Helsinki Accord. One long article on Helsinki referred to criminal violence in the United States and American global militarism as violations of the American citizen's "right to live in peace."

In the same vein, all blacks in jail are "political prisoners" and the jails are sometimes called "concentration camps." Recent tenure controversies involving left-wing professors at the University of Pittsburgh, the University of California and Yale's reluctance to sanction a seminar taught by Communist historian Herbert Aptheker, are examined in the context of Principle VII of the Final Act: "The Participating States will respect . . . freedom of thought." If the Belgrade discussions become polemical, the Soviets will surely play even the weak suit of human rights for all the tricks it will yield.

The USSR similarly belittles American compliance with the provisions of basket three. Although its first article commits us to "ease regulations concerning movement of citizens," the McCarran-Walter Act still prohibits Communist Party members of any country from entering the United States. Waivers are routinely granted to individuals and delegations from all European nations, but the law can be enforced: the AFL-CIO can veto visa applications by Communist trade union officials, and has done so in recent months.

In the second article of basket three (information) the signatories agree to "make it their aim to facilitate the freer and wider dissemination of information of all kinds." Here the Soviets point to the extreme imbalance in the exchange of printed, film and broadcast information, categories in which the East is an aggressive importer.

Not infrequently the Soviet media churn out statistics on the quantity of American books purchased and translated in Russia, while alleging that Western publishing houses print only *sensatsiyi* (sensational literature), be it *Jaws* or the *Gulag Archipelago*. In a series of articles entitled "Helsinki—Who's Against It?" (answer: not us) the Moscow weekly *Literaturnaya Gazeta* offered space to a Bulgarian "publicist" who bemoaned the lack of Bulgarian literature on Western bookshelves. Quoting Georgy Dmitroff, the founder of the Bulgarian Communist Party, the publicist noted that "all nations are equal in their capacity to create spiritual masterpieces of a universal character. . . ." The same weekly summarized Soviet attitudes toward the information section of basket three: "the 'free exchange of information' . . . is understood by the supporters of the preservation of tensions to mean the freedom to slander our country."

The Soviets have stated that they buy ten times as many films from the West as the West buys from them, and accuse the United States of violating the Helsinki pledge "to encourage the wider showing and broadcasting of . . . recorded and filmed information." In their view, the "monopolist" media barons discriminate against Communist films.

In the area of broadcast information, the Soviets declare that the very existence of Radio Liberty and Radio

Free Europe violates Principle VI of the Final Act, the principle of nonintervention in the internal affairs of the participating states. The Russian translation of the text permits an extremely broad interpretation of "intervention" which appears not as *interventsiya* but *vmeshatel'stvo*, literally "interference" or "mucking around." Ironically, both the USSR and the United States invoke the stations' contribution to "the interest of mutual understanding among peoples." The Soviets, naturally, insist this is one "contribution" they can do without.

Although compliance with the articles of basket three governing educational and cultural exchange has attracted little attention thus far in Russia, U.S. performance in these fields could come under sharp fire. As in the case of film distribution, the Soviets allege that their "culture" is shortchanged by American entrepreneurs. Performing arts groups such as the Bolshoi Ballet and opera reap huge profits in the U.S. market, but American groups are money losers in the Soviet Union and their trips must be underwritten by the State Department, which has only a modest budget devoted to "cultural exchange." By agreement the exchange must proceed reciprocally, so our tightfistedness with cultural subsidies allows the Soviets to question our willingness "to expand and improve . . . cooperation in the field of culture."

As regards educational exchanges and provisions for "mutual knowledge" the Soviet press constantly publishes first-hand accounts of American ignorance of Soviet history and geography, while boasting, as one school-teacher did, "how well we know your forty-eight states." Moreover, basket three seeks to "encourage the study of foreign languages and civilizations . . ."; the Soviets juxtapose the decrease in U.S. funding of Russian language study with the supposedly enormous commitment to the 20 million English-language students in the USSR.

Leaving no stone unturned, the Soviets have berated the United States for failing to "disseminate . . . and make . . . known as widely as possible" the text of the Final Act (follow-up to the conference). The document appeared in its entirety in both *Pravda* and *Izvestia*; whereas the original State Department printing ran to only 7,000 copies. One Moscow correspondent, having attempted to locate the full text of the Final Act in Montreal, Ottawa, and finally in the New York Public Library, concluded: "In fact, the Helsinki text is unavailable in America."

Are the Soviet criticisms legitimate? Some are grounded in fact, and in many cases, such as that of information exchange, Marxists detect a Helsinki violation where "bourgeois ideologues" find none. Also Soviet polemicists emphasize statistical detail—so many books translated, so many films bought—whereas the United States, in the words of one official, will defend its performance at the Belgrade conferences with "descriptive" arguments.

Officials on both sides, however, are hoping that the Belgrade meetings will not devolve into ideological showmanship. Earlier rumors that the USSR might issue a large number of exit visas to Jewish families prior to Belgrade are now being denied. As the Soviets have tried to make clear in their propaganda efforts, no country will approach the negotiating table with squeaky-clean hands. □

THE PENTAGON IS WORKING ON IT

ROBERT C. ALDRIDGE

An unanswerable nuclear first strike is impossible, claim our leaders and military experts, as they work industriously to make it possible. Particularly, they say, all those missile-launching submarines could never be pinpointed and destroyed. Even President Carter has re-echoed the worn tune of the Nixon/Ford administration: "there would be no possibility under the sun that a first strike capability could be adequate. . . . There is no way to prevent a massive retaliatory strike because for all practical purposes atomic submarines are invulnerable." Maybe they were when Carter was a submariner, but they will soon be sitting ducks. Why else is anti-submarine warfare attracting so much attention from the military? The Navy spends billions in that area each year. In addition to straightforward military contracts, unknown amounts are buried in the budgets of such agencies as the Energy Research and Development Administration, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the National Science Foundation. Anti-submarine warfare (ASW) is no longer just defense against hostile submarines. It is an aggressive activity.

To put the ASW picture in focus one must count up how many Soviet submarines would have to be destroyed simultaneously to assure that a nuclear attack could not be answered. As of November 1976, according to Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Gen. George S. Brown, the Russians had sixty nuclear-powered ballistic missile submarines, with perhaps another fifteen in various stages of construction and sea trials. If the Interim Agreement of SALT-1 remains in effect beyond October, the Soviets cannot deploy more than sixty-two without retiring older boats, but if the Vladivostok guidelines are accepted the restriction is only on missiles and bombers; not on submarines as such. Nevertheless, let us say that by 1982 the Soviets could put to sea seventy-five nuclear-propelled strategic submarines capable of running deep for extended periods and of retaliating against the United States with hydrogen warheads. Even if that number were increased three- or four-fold it would not be beyond the tracking capabilities we are now developing. To make the job easier, General Brown estimates that only 11 percent of Russia's submarine fleet is away from port at any one time. Most of them could be destroyed in their pens.

ASW is basically composed of weapons, platforms and sensors. Today's weapons—torpedoes, depth charges, missiles and mines—are very good at destroying atomic submarines. Torpedoes can be launched from submarines, ships or aircraft; nuclear depth bombs can be delivered by missiles launched from submarines and surface ships, or dropped from aircraft. Smart mines for deep and shallow water that will only attack hostile submarines can be placed by airplanes, ships or attack subs. All these

weapons are being constantly updated.

Platforms that carry ASW weapons and sensors are also being steadily improved. U.S. hunter-killer attack submarines now number somewhat more than sixty and their number is climbing toward the Navy's goal of ninety. Newest of these are the Los Angeles class, of which thirty-nine will have been ordered by 1981. ASW aircraft vary from land-based P-3 Orions and the carrier-based S-3A Viking patrol planes to helicopters operating off frigates, destroyers, cruisers and aircraft carriers. All these systems are highly automated by computer technology. Sensors, navigation instruments, flight controls and weapons delivery systems are digitally interconnected. Computers can fly the aircraft, detect and identify a hostile submarine, select the appropriate weapon, and then photograph the results after that weapon is fired. ASW patrol planes and helicopters envisioned for the future will be even more sophisticated.

The Navy's ten-year shipbuilding plan includes new frigates, destroyers and cruisers, each of which will accommodate two helicopters. Next year the Navy will request the first of its new series of small aircraft carriers called vertical support ships which will be built around the requirements of V/STOL (vertical/short takeoff and land) aircraft. For the late 1980s naval planners are looking toward even more exotic ships, ones that can skim the water on hydrofoils and air bubbles to race after submarines at 50 to 80 miles per hour.

But despite all this attention to weapons and platforms, sensors are the backbone of the Navy's anti-submarine warfare program. Their use is divided between local and area surveillance. Local, often called escort, surveillance is intended ostensibly to protect convoys and task forces from enemy hunter-killer submarines. It scans a small piece of ocean, approximately 60 miles around the ships. The type of sensors used are designed to spot any submarine within that locality and determine whether it is "theirs" or "ours." Sensors are now so precise that they can tell the class of submarine.

Area surveillance, on the other hand, is ocean-wide. Its purpose is to track all submarines and plot their location within 60 miles. It is easy to see how the two types of surveillance would work hand in glove if a nation were considering the simultaneous destruction of another country's subsurface fleet.

Sensors are the eyes and ears of anti-submarine war-

Robert Aldridge is an aerospace engineer who helped develop five generations of submarine-launched strategic missiles. Besides working on underwater launch technology he held a key position in designing MIRVs and MARVs. It was on the Trident program that he saw the shift toward first strike that caused him to resign. Now a critic of the arms race, he has written for numerous publications (frequently for The Nation) and delivered papers at several international symposiums.

fare. Sound has always been the basic means of undersea detection because radio and other types of electromagnetic waves will not pass through water. Sound travels for thousands of miles in the sea, but bends as it does so, much as light is refracted by a prism. Sound also ricochets off the ocean's surface and bottom, scattering into multiple paths and zigzag patterns. The warmer layers of water near the surface (called thermal layers) also reflect sounds back into the depths. To add to this complexity, the ocean is anything but a quiet place; sea creatures, ships, storms and other phenomena all produce a cacophony.

The device used for sonic sensing is called sonar. One type is passive; it only listens. Therefore it does not reveal its position and can remain undetected for a long time. Active sonars bounce their own sounds off submarines and other objects; they can be heard and are not suited to clandestine activities.

Hull-mounted sonars are the oldest means of local surveillance. They are huge devices, mounted below the waterline of ships and in the bows of submarines and with both active and passive modes. The Navy has also developed arrays of sensors that are towed behind ships to improve their ability to locate and identify submarines, but these arrays are awkward to handle. And however much this may be improved, hull-mounted sonars and towed arrays will be plagued by thermal layers. Modern nuclear-powered submarines travel deep and if their noises are bounced back down they can operate unheard by surface craft. To overcome that deficiency the Navy has developed a variable depth sonar which is towed by a 600-foot cable and stabilized by a gyro as it "flies" below the thermal layers. The latest types function with negligible drag at the highest speed of today's surface ships.

Sonobuoys are the final type of sonar used to pinpoint submarines. They are hydrophones dropped into the water by patrol planes or helicopters and come in a variety of types: directional and omnidirectional, passive and active, short-range and long-range. Passive sonobuoy canisters are approximately 5 inches in diameter and a yard long, but a new dwarf size can be put three in a single canister. Active sonobuoys are larger and are used to prepare for attack after a passive signal is received. The sonobuoy antenna remains above the surface to transmit acoustic data to aircraft, while a probe is lowered as deep as 800 feet to get below the thermal layers.

Before concluding the discussion of the role assigned to local sensors in eliminating a hostile fleet of subs I should mention several nonacoustic devices. Besides the usual radar that is quick to find an antenna above the water, and passive radiation receivers which pick up signals from other vessels, ASW planes use infrared sensors to measure ocean surface temperature differences in the order of hundredths of a degree. Any such local variation that does not conform to the general area pattern could be caused by a sub churning the thermal layers. ASW airplanes and helicopters are also equipped with magnetic anomaly detectors that will spot any variance in the earth's magnetic field caused by the steel hull of a submarine. Scripps Institute of Oceanography has made it possible to map the total magnetic field at

sea. Those maps are stored digitally in the aircraft's computer, to be compared with what the detector senses. Anomalies are quickly noted and compared with the known magnetic signatures of various submarines, also stored in the computer's memory. The submarine can thus be classified friend or foe. Magnetic anomaly detectors have a short range, but they are remarkably effective in guiding the aircraft into position for a kill.

All of the foregoing sensor systems are integrated through a network of ground-based, shipboard and airborne computers. Like magnetic anomalies, acoustic signals and radar echoes can also be compared with known signatures of friendly and hostile subs. Reference systems between various sensors and arrays accurately locate submarines; television-type screens display the information, and data links interconnect activities among aircraft, ships and land stations. The automation is profound.

To put ASW aircraft, ships and submarines within 60 miles of every Soviet sub, so that all can be wiped out at one time, is another matter. That is the function of area surveillance. The heart of the Navy's ocean-wide sensing system is the Sound Surveillance System (Sosus), on which more than \$1 billion has been spent over the past twenty years, and which is continuously updated. The ultimate objective, claims the Navy, is to integrate all the undersea sensors into a fully coordinated and centrally operated network.

Sosus is composed of fixed, passive hydrophones placed on the continental shelves throughout the oceans of the world. The sonar chain between Greenland and Scotland spots every Russian submarine entering the North Atlantic from the Arctic Ocean. The Azores Fixed Acoustic Range monitors submarine traffic through the Strait of Gibraltar. These are two of many installations throughout the world which, when conditions are favorable, can detect a nuclear-powered sub anywhere in the ocean. Sosus can locate that submarine within a 60-mile radius and interact with ASW patrol aircraft and escort surveillance ships. But it still has limitations and the Navy is developing two augmenting systems: towed arrays and moored arrays. These, as well as modernizations of Sosus, will employ a new sonar designed especially to detect cavitation noises generated by the turbulent flow of water around fast submarines (as opposed to hearing engine noises and other sounds from within the ships).

Area surveillance arrays now being pulled back and forth across the oceans will soon be replaced by much more sensitive arrays. They will relay acoustic data via satellite for processing and analysis by shore stations, and will provide a geographic flexibility that Sosus lacks.

The other Sosus supplement, moored arrays, are said by the Navy to provide quick reaction surveillance of crisis areas. The buoys can be readily deployed by aircraft, surface ships or submarines in a zone of particular interest. Moored arrays were scheduled to go into final engineering development this year, but the Navy abruptly revised that decision and delayed that step. The unadmitted reason seems to be a breakthrough in sonar tech-

nology by the Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA).

ARPA was formed after Sputnik to outguess the Soviets and prevent future surprises. It is conducting far-reaching studies into anti-submarine warfare that reveal the Pentagon's interest in a knockout first strike. ARPA's experimenters have found that, contrary to previous assumptions, the path of underwater sound can be predicted. Although sound conditions beneath the sea are forever changing, they do remain fixed for brief periods, and by working in a series of very short time slices, the ocean can be made a much more tractable medium than had been thought.

ARPA's work with sound in time frames seems related to the Navy's Long Range Propagation Project. In 1973, the Navy used a towed array to take measurements that a computer program could employ to predict ambient noise. It seems more than coincidence that in mid-1974 a representative from Bell Laboratories to the Eighth International Acoustics Congress in London read a paper which described a computer simulation that predicts sonar patterns by combining known oceanographic information with current sea state data. The prediction, when compared with actual sonar signals, allows background noises to be canceled out. Remaining sounds are then classified to isolate hostile submarines.

Thermal layers, ocean floor contours and surface chopiness all affect the time it takes a sound to travel from source to sensor. Bottom contours and coastlines are easy to plug into the computer model because they are known and remain constant. Sea state samples must be obtained by satellite and introduced at half-mile intervals. The resulting simulation provides a current picture of conditions for sound propagation over a 10,000-mile range after only two minutes of computer operation. It is estimated that, at that distance, the Bell simulation would place a submarine within 10 miles. Hitting it would then be easy.

Early in 1975 ARPA announced a new program, Project Seaguard, which concentrates on ocean-wide undersea detection. Seaguard combines the peak performance of acoustic arrays with a network of shore processing stations to achieve maximum detection, locating and tracking accuracies against very quiet submarines. Speed increases turbulence, so by focusing on water cavitation noises the program hits the speedy nuclear-powered submarines in their most vulnerable spot. Since ARPA seems to be making good progress toward predictions that will cancel out unwanted noise and locate submarines within very small areas, the number of aircraft and sensors needed for "routine follow-up operations" can be reduced. ARPA's new system is scheduled for a major test in 1978 and to become operational by 1982. That is undoubtedly why concept studies of moored arrays have been prolonged. By 1978, also, the new Seasat satellite will be in orbit. More about that in a moment.

Predicting and canceling out ambient noise will be a quantum jump in sonar technology. Project Seaguard will arrange combinations of mobile and fixed arrays so they can triangulate on targets and analyze signals in real time. That means data must be received and processed almost instantly with reference to a common time

base, a computer capacity far exceeding conventional units. Therefore, ARPA has developed the Illiac-IV, one of the world's most powerful computers. It operates as if many identical computers were working in parallel, an arrangement that vastly increases the volume of work that can be put through in a given time.

Dr. George Heilmeier, director of ARPA, explained that the goal of Project Seaguard is a surveillance system that can provide appropriate commanders with timely and accurate information on the operation, location, identity and specific movements of hostile submarines. He states that "if a majority of our submarines were to be successfully kept under surveillance at all times, the vulnerability to pre-emptive attack would significantly reduce the deterrent effectiveness of our fleet ballistic missile forces." That logic obviously applies in reverse to the Soviets. If we could track *all* of their subs *all* the time, they would cease to be a deterrent.

A new space program has been initiated to collect the meteorological data needed for computer simulation. The Seasat-A ocean dynamics satellite will be launched during May 1978. It, and a subsequent Seasat-B, will operate with sensors that have already been developed. The data collected by each satellite in one day will equal 20,000 weather reports from ships around the globe.

Seasat's sensing capabilities will include various modes of active radar, passive microwave detectors and infrared sensors. Containing more sensors than any other spacecraft yet built, it will provide day and night observations in almost any weather. Seasat will measure wind velocities and direction; height, shape and length of waves; precise sea surface topography due to currents, tides and storms; it will note gravity-related depressions in the ocean's surface and monitor current patterns, surface temperatures and ice packs. All of this information is needed to predict sound propagation patterns.

Following Seasat's tests, a constellation of six operational satellites will be put in polar orbit for use between 1985 and the end of the century. Using the Navstar global positioning system to establish their readings within 30 feet, those six satellites will update all of the aforementioned meteorological data over 95 percent of the earth's surface every six hours. That seems to be an adequate time slice for timely predictions. Combined with another type of sensor system—laser surveillance—the new Seaguard project should allow the Navy to keep its thumb on every Soviet sub.

ORICS (Optical Ranging, Identification and Communication System) is a local ASW application that will eventually spread to area laser sensing. Mounted in a helicopter and operating in the blue-green wavelength of the visible spectrum (the tuning for maximum penetration of sea water), this pulsing chemical laser has located submarines in tests conducted off the Florida Keys. Also being developed as a communication system between aircraft and friendly submarines, ORICS will have a fleet ASW application in a few years.

Two more space programs appear to be the next step. The first earth resources satellite, known as Landsat,

was put in orbit on July 23, 1972. It is advertised as a tool to combat global food and energy shortages by estimating how much wheat, barley, corn and rice are growing around the world and monitoring those crops periodically throughout the year. Photos it has taken, however, also reveal scenes of military interest such as the Chinese missile launch complex at Shuang-Cheng-Tzu and the Soviet facilities at Kapustin Yar and Plesetsk.

Skylab was put in orbit the following year and has since been manned by three different space crews. Both Landsat and Skylab scan the earth across a spectrum of color frequencies. Some of their photos, taken close to the wavelength of maximum water penetration, reveal the ocean bottom in coastal waters. Today the Navy assigns a large share of its research and development on multi-spectral data from these satellites.

Sensor development has taken a sinister leap in the last decade. Originally touched off by the invention of the computer and receiving their test on the automated

battlefields of Vietnam, sensors are now being refined for such exotic applications as homing maneuvering warheads and cruise missiles. ASW has also reaped its share of this technology. What I have presented here is merely a glossing over of a highly technical and complex picture, but even a conservative evaluation of this information throws doubt on the elusiveness of submarines. The invulnerability argument can no longer mask the fact that U.S. weapons programs are moving us rapidly toward a disarming first strike capability with nuclear weapons. On the evidence now available, the Russians are concentrating on the surveillance of their home waters and frequently used sea lanes, attempting as yet no global policing of the oceans. But everything said above is drawn from open sources; the Russians know all about it. So before long they will move to match us, sonobuoy for sonobuoy, laser for laser, computer for computer—and the doctrine of mutual deterrence will continue to weaken—until one day comes the snapping point. □

THE UNITED MINE WORKERS: BAD DAYS IN BOOM TIMES

Falling Apart Under Miller

PHIL PRIMACK

When the rank and file took over the United Mine Workers of America in 1972, a surge of fresh air swept through the International, reaching out to other centers of organized labor as well. Now, five years and one union administration later, that crisp breeze has nearly stilled. On June 14, coal miners will vote their preference in a three-way fight for control of the UMWA. The election may well be more important to the very future of the union than even the historic 1972 reformist victory.

Seeking a second term as president is Arnold Miller, the disabled (black lung) West Virginian who headed the Miners for Democracy (MFD) slate in 1972. Not running with him this time, however, is either of his former running mates. Secretary-treasurer Harry Patrick is seeking the presidency himself, claiming the mantle and drawing much of the support of the original MFD drive. And Vice President Mike Trbovich, not running mainly for health reasons, is backing Lee Roy Patterson, a UMWA district president and former ardent supporter of W.A. (Tony) Boyle, the man MFD toppled.

A twist of events and emotions has produced this realignment, distressing those who were buoyed and excited by what the miners proved in 1972, privately pleasing those in the conservative labor establishment and else-

where who felt threatened by what the miners did that year.

Acting on their 1972 mandate, the new UMWA leadership instituted broad reforms, ranging from selling union-owned limousines to cutting their own salaries. A truly rank-and-file convention (Pittsburgh, 1974) formally made key MFD planks part of the union's constitution: contracts are now directly ratified by the rank and file; officers at all levels are now elected; none is appointed. A bright and aggressive staff once again placed the UMWA among the vanguard of progressive and assertive unions. A landmark contract was negotiated and ratified in 1974; though opposed by many miners, it was far better than any ever before obtained from the coal industry.

But then something happened. Miller's problems with intransigent carry-overs from the Boyle days on the executive board (including Patterson) grew worse. The president and staff started having conflicts, often exacerbated by the redbaiting and other histrionics of Vice President Trbovich. After Miller fired many workers and others left in despair and frustration, daily operations at the International became lax and ineffective.

Typical of the state of affairs reached by last year was the incident in which Miller, fearing a conspiracy among his remaining staff, ordered a door removed from his secretary's office. On another occasion, Sam Church, also a former Boyle man but now running for vice president on the Miller slate, punched a top Miller aide, ostensibly for muttering criticisms of the president.

Harry Huge, a Washington lawyer and Miller's ap-

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pointee to the board of trustees of the union's health and welfare fund, arranged a meeting between Miller and President Carter to discuss energy. Miller apparently forgot and didn't show up; the White House said it was unable to reach him. The meeting was eventually held about two weeks later.

Almost none of the UMWA staffers who came in with MFD's victory remains. Meanwhile, such critical problems as frequent wildcat strikes are unresolved. And the union does not show the initiative and leadership it should be assuming as the role of coal continues to grow under the national strategy for energy.

Miller insists that he has assigned people to handle such matters as preparing for the critical contract talks slated for just a few months after the June election, but it's unclear just who and where they are. Criticisms of his administration he calls "hogwash," saying they come from disgruntled former staffers fired "because they refused to follow my orders. They're trying to paint me as a villain, but I was the rank-and-file candidate in 1972 and I'm still the rank-and-file candidate now."

"I don't know what happened to Arnold," Harry Patrick said in an interview. "It's just a total lack of leadership, and I have to wonder whether he has the interests of the rank and file at heart. He's forgotten the union, he's forgotten the membership. He's stood idly by while his programs have been dismantled by people like Patterson. Some of the best people in the labor movement have literally been run out of the building."

Some of those people now support Patrick, seeing him as the only chance to keep the MFD movement in power. To them, Arnold Miller is Captain Queeg with a miner's lamp, determined to keep his office but not terribly interested in running it. They fear the growing power of Sam Church, convinced that he still adheres to Boyle's autocratic principles, despite Miller's assertions that Church "has seen the light."

Some MFDers can't decide whether the election of Patterson would be better or worse than more of the same under Miller, but most agree with Miller and Patrick that a Patterson victory would be tantamount to returning Tony Boyle to office. Miller has called Patterson "irresponsible and regressive"; Patrick has said that "Patterson's philosophy of running a union is make sure the officers draw their pay every two weeks. No organizing, no bold programs. The union just becomes a collecting agency for dues."

Thought at first to be far out of the running, Patrick seems to be gaining rapidly in the coal fields, where he is seen not only as the better option for the anti-Miller vote but increasingly as a good candidate in his own right. While Patrick is trying to campaign on issues critical to the UMWA's future (organizing, wildcat strikes, energy policy), Miller is simply running on claims that broad reforms have been instituted under his leadership, and that the union achieved a superb contract (Miller critics note that much of the actual work on the issues for which he takes credit was done by staffers he has since fired).

Patterson, meanwhile, links Miller and Patrick as together responsible for the current sorry state of the



UMWA. Just as he almost never initiated a positive program while he was on the executive board, Patterson's campaign is negative, using such ploys as filing million-dollar libel suits against his opponents. He evades his former association with Boyle by equating it with the support given to Nixon in 1972 by millions of Americans "who now know they made a mistake." However, the old Boyle charge of "outsiders" laces much of the Patterson campaign, though the accusation of external influence may be most applicable to Patterson himself.

"There's a lot of interest in organized labor to see Arnold go down the tube," said one person close to recent events in the UMWA. "They see Harry as part of Arnold, and that leaves Patterson as their candidate." Certainly, George Meany has made no secret of his dissatisfaction with Miller. I.W. Abel of the Steelworkers is known to hold the MFD movement at least partly responsible for the strong challenge made against him by Ed Sadlowski. Furthermore, a long-time Steelworkers operative, Chuck Baker, is heading the Patterson campaign effort.

Baker was the publicity specialist behind Abel's successful 1965 run against McDonald and has done other political work for the Steelworkers, as well as for the AFL-CIO's Industrial Union Department, which Abel heads. He denies that he came to the Patterson campaign as part of a scheme either to topple the UMWA reformers or, more directly, to pave the way for merger of that union into the United Steelworkers.

Patterson also denies any direct support from either Abel or other established labor kingpins. However, when questioned about a union merger, he termed it a matter

"definitely to be discussed in the future. It's something to think about in the future of this union." Many coal miners are already in the United Steelworkers; they are employed in the steel industry's "captive" mines.

While Patterson's thoughts for the future are far from any kind of pledge, they fanned a suspicion already roused by the Baker connection. Patrick says flatly that he thinks Patterson has "made a deal to get support from the Steelworkers. Why else would he be talking about trading our union away?"

Merger with the Steelworkers "has no particular advantage for us," Miller said. "We would lose our independence." Patterson's Steelworkers ties, a former top UMWA staffer said, "just might cost him the election." UMWA miners know that their Steelworkers' counterparts have no right of direct contract ratification and are pledged not to strike. They may also be unable to elect their own officers if hints by Abel and McBride are followed up. Besides, UMWA money and organizers, lent by John L. Lewis, were what got the Steelworkers organized in the first place. To talk about UMWA merger into the Steelworkers is heresy; Patrick and Miller both think Patterson slipped badly when he endorsed that notion. For his part, Miller does favor UMWA reaffiliation with the AFL-CIO, a move opposed by Patrick and also by the last UMWA convention.

Patrick is convinced that MFD principles and policies are still favored by a majority of the UMWA's 277,000 members. He feels that if he can get through to the rank and file his message of continued and revitalized support for aggressive reform leadership he can win the election. But like the other candidates, he is worried by the prospect of a low turnout on June 14. A high turnout, particularly by younger miners, would probably help him. A lot of miners, particularly older ones, tend automatically to support the incumbent. Patterson has a guaranteed block of anti-Miller, anti-MFD votes. Patrick must carve his own positive image. "I have to get into a lot more bathhouses," he said.

Dismissed in 1972 as the least dynamic of the candidates, Patrick now speaks with easy confidence on specific miner issues. For instance, he was in southern West Virginia after April's severe floods and told the men there that strip mining was clearly a major factor, and that tough federal regulations are needed. Patterson said in an interview that he opposes any federal regulation, and that stripping was in no way responsible for Appalachia's flooding (he comes from a heavily strip mined district in western Kentucky).

Patrick termed Patterson's strip mine view "ridiculous and uninformed." Miller said it was "crass," that coal operators were now so prosperous that the ill effects of both strip and underground mining can and must be resolved. But on another key issue, wildcat strikes, Patrick is the more outspoken.

Miners strike readily, and religiously honor picket lines. Strikes hurt the union's health and welfare and pension funds by interrupting royalty payments on tonnage. Miller,

while having "no problems with strikes over valid issues," feels that they "too often happen for no cause." Patterson takes a similar line, though he wants a contractual right for local strikes that are approved by the majority of miners at a mine. Patrick, however, has tied the wildcat issue to the broader matter of coal-miner power. He says:

"The wildcat situation wouldn't have gotten so out of control if union officers stood up for miners when they're right, instead of ducking. The leadership must regain the respect of the rank and file. We've been afraid of the coal operators and the courts for too long. Once we stand up for our miners when they're right, the operators will wake up and deal with the conditions responsible for the walkouts.

"Miners," Patrick continued, "aren't dumb. They can read and they know when their contract is being violated." It is that kind of controlled anger which propelled the MFD to victory in 1972; Patrick thinks it can do the same for him.

Similarly, Patrick has stated flatly that failure of the UMWA to organize in the West "threatens the very survival of this union." Under Miller, Western organizing has been weak. Patterson criticizes the Miller organizing record, but would not go as far as Patrick, who endorses separate wage package negotiations for East and West. "How can you organize a mine by offering \$60 a day when they're already making \$100 a day?" Patrick asks.

Joseph Rauh, leader of the band of "outsiders" so denounced by Boyle and now Patterson, withheld his endorsement almost down to the wire. Privately, he told Patrick backers that he was leaning toward their man (and they in turn were saying, "We need his support, but we need it now"), but he stayed on the fence, fearing that Patrick might turn out to be a "spoiler" for Miller and thus throw the election to Patterson. On May 26, Rauh made up his mind, and released the following statement:

Harry Patrick has all the qualifications of leadership and ability to become a great reform president of the United Mine Workers. Those who stood with Jock Yablonski in 1969 and Miners for Democracy in 1972 must, in good conscience, stand with Harry Patrick today.

I have been troubled that Patrick's candidacy might be helping Lee Roy Patterson, the front for the old Boyle crowd, by splitting the pro-reform vote. The election of Patterson would be a disaster for the UMWA, trade union democracy generally, and the nation. It now appears, however, that Patrick is pulling at least as many votes from Patterson as from the incumbent Arnold Miller and is developing a strong base in his own right.

Patrick may be, as the conventional wisdom suggests, the underdog in this race. But, as the best campaigner and the best man, he is steadily gaining ground. On this basis, I plan to do everything I can to help Harry Patrick in the last days of his campaign.

A poll conducted for the Patrick camp, at Rauh's urging, apparently confirmed the feeling that Patrick was gaining fast. They dismiss a mid-May Miller poll which showed Patrick totally out of the election contest, since it was taken before Patrick campaign material was dis-

seminated by the *UMWA Journal* (court action by Patterson had held up the *Journal's* election issues, which under the revised UMWA constitution provide equal space to all slates). Patrick people feel the election is now mainly between Patrick and Miller, that Patterson has slipped badly. Other observers think Patterson is still ahead; still others that Miller has the inside. In short, the safest bet right now is no bet.

Rauh says that if he is convinced that either Patrick or Miller is hopelessly behind, he will go "on bended knees" to ask the man behind to withdraw in favor of the leader in order to defeat Patterson. Both Miller and Patrick, however, say they have no intentions whatsoever of withdrawing, though the rumor circulates that Miller would offer Patrick the UMWA trustee post on the pension fund board if he pulled out. Patrick says no way.

Meanwhile, all three candidates claim that the election of either of the others means the possible demise of the UMWA. Miller says Patrick "doesn't know how to run a union" and that Patterson "won't run it." Patrick says his former ally has proven his inability to run the union, and Patterson says he is the only man able to undo the damage for which Miller-Patrick is responsible.

Harry Patrick's main weakness is the belief, even after his five years as union secretary-treasurer, that he lacks administrative competence. Patrick naturally denies it, and his victory would probably bring back to the union many of the creative workers run out by Miller. Whether Patrick has time before June 14 to make his case, proving his independence from Miller and his program's superiority to that of Patterson, is now the key factor in the UMWA race.

Miners have the most immediate stake in the results, but the nation stands to suffer from continued chaos within the UMWA. It seems unlikely that Arnold Miller can assert effective leadership. And a Patterson election could very well re-create the bitterness and corruption that crippled the union under Tony Boyle. The victory of either man might stimulate the coal operators to try to bust an already crippled UMWA.

That leaves Harry Patrick. "I simply couldn't sit by and watch this union fall apart because of the inaction of Arnold Miller," Patrick said, when explaining his late entry into the race. "And the thought that Lee Roy Patterson just might win because Arnold has become so inept—well, I just couldn't stand it." □

The Losing of the West

DAN WHIPPLE

A widely held opinion, shared even by the hierarchy of the United Mine Workers of America, is that if the percentage of UMWA-mined coal falls below 50 percent of U.S. production, the coal operators will be able to wait out any strike. The union is already perilously close to that mark at 54 percent. It has not been successful in organizing the mines of the West and that is where coal production has been, and will be, booming.

On March 25, coal miners at Energy Development Company's mine in Hanna, Wyo. voted to choose a bargaining agent. In an Eastern mine, the result would have been almost a foregone conclusion; the UMWA would have won. At Hanna, however, the union took only twelve of the 151 votes cast. This defeat is typical of UMWA inertia in the West. It is losing ground steadily out there, and when it has finally lost, its grip will slacken also in the East.

What the UMWA, a union of 277,000 members, is being told at Hanna, as at almost every new coal mine opening in the Western states, is that the union's traditional policies from the days of John L. Lewis will not win the West. The UMWA's problems are manifold, right-to-work laws and the Western miner's distrust of any union being only the most obvious. More important are the union's own muddled, authoritarian and unrealistic attitude toward organizing the West, and the owners' decision to fight, and beat, the union on this critical new battlefield.

Ever since the Lewis days, the union has presented a formidable, unified front when dealing with the industry. This solidarity is so ingrained that a few pickets, wander-

ing from mine to mine, can pull out thousands of workers and shut down major operators. No self-respecting Eastern union member will cross a picket line. A 1975 disagreement over contract interpretations at one mine in Kentucky spread into a massive wildcat strike that disobeyed a return-to-work court order and idled 65,000 miners before it was resolved. When the union is renegotiating a contract, this solidarity is even greater.

It was in Appalachia that the UMWA got its start. Lewis brought the union through the companies' reign of terror to a living wage and safer working conditions in one of the nation's most dangerous trades. He gave the union its tradition of loyalty and a single, nationwide contract that, at its peak, covered nearly all the mines and miners. Ironically, it is partially the monolithic nature of Lewis's legacy that may bring about the decline of the UMWA's power in the modern era of coal mining.

Indeed, the decline is already serious. In 1962, union members mined about 74 percent of all the country's coal. Four years later, they mined just more than half. A major reason for this falling off is that the West—especially Wyoming, Montana and North Dakota—is rapidly overtaking Appalachia as the nation's coal supplier. The dangerous, low-productivity, deep mines of the East are being replaced by high-productivity Western strip mines. The "energy crisis" has brought tremendous pressure to produce coal and the companies have turned to the large deposits of low-sulfur, easy-to-remove, strippable coal in the West. Coal seams there, particularly in the Northern

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Plains states, are as much as 150 feet thick and extend across millions of acres. The Western region contains an estimated 26.6 billion tons of strippable coal, or about two-thirds of the strippable coal in the entire country.

But while the coal industry has rushed West, the UMWA has been slow to follow because of internal politics and indecision, a misunderstanding of the Western miner and an intransigence on the part of the companies unknown since Lewis's time. The union presidential election in June should give it a clearer picture of its prospects in the West. Meanwhile, it has failed to authorize an appropriation for a \$10 million organizing effort, and has failed in attempts to negotiate a jurisdictional agreement with the rival International Union of Operating Engineers. The UMWA has about 6,500 working members in the West, including the Northern Plains states, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. The union is strongest in Utah, New Mexico and Colorado; weakest in Montana and Wyoming, where most of the new mines are opening. UMWA organizing in the West was called a "skeleton" operation by a source close to the union. Thirteen organizers, working out of a Denver office, cover the entire region. The union's Western organizing chief, Jay Kolenc, has asked for twelve more, but they haven't been authorized by Washington headquarters. And this is rugged country for the UMWA; it cannot count on the solidarity that gives the union its impressive power in the East.

Kolenc says, "The people in the West have no union background. They have worked for ranchers and in the oil fields and their income jumps when they work for the mines." He adds that the West's right-to-work laws hinder organizing efforts: "If the mine is organized, they can work and not belong. In a strike situation, people have the right to work and the strike is useless. It can't be effective."

The unspoken assumption behind this position is that miners should care about the union itself, not just about how much money they make. The fact is that many don't, and some miners say it is the UMWA's fault. J.D. Alexander, a UMWA miner at Amax Coal's Belle Ayr mine in Gillette, Wyo., left the union to start a local rival, the Northeast Wyoming Affiliated Coal Mine Employees (NEW ACME). He says, "The UMWA is only worried about the power struggle for representation in the West and isn't interested in the men in the mines." From Alexander's point of view the UMWA is having trouble in the West because it simply doesn't understand that Western miners won't offer blind loyalty to the union. He says, "When a young fellow back East joins the UMWA, his grandfather and his father were probably in the mines. They eat, sleep and completely believe the UMWA. They have formed the opinion that the Good Lord himself was a member of the UMWA."

Alexander was a key figure in one of the union's more spectacular failures out West—a two-year strike of Amax Coal's Belle Ayr mine in Gillette, the nation's thirteenth largest coal mine. The UMWA struck the company in 1975 and today, two years later, no agreement has been reached. The mine has been back at full production for

more than a year and a half with non-UMWA miners. The National Labor Relations Board is now considering a petition from those miners to allow a new election that will almost certainly result in the removal of the UMWA as the bargaining agent.

Alexander says that the union's tactics and authoritarian attitude estranged many miners. "The strike order was sent by Mailgram from Washington. I don't ever remember being asked as a group or as an individual whether we should strike or not."

The issues in the Amax strike illustrate the UMWA's problems. Amax's handling of the strike also shows how a company that adamantly resists the UMWA's power can break its hold in the West. From the beginning, Amax had refused to sign the national contract that covers all UMWA-organized mines. This document, known as the National Bituminous Coal Wage Agreement, is signed by the members of the Bituminous Coal Operators Association (BCOA) and the UMWA. Amax operates several mines in the Midwest and is a signatory to the contract for those operations. Claiming differences in its Western operations, however, Amax wanted to negotiate a separate agreement for Belle Ayr. The BCOA agreement lapses on the same day for all signatories, and in the West Amax is particularly opposed to being bound by this common termination date, since it would then be subject to the strikes that nearly always accompany contract renegotiations.

The "differences" in Western coal mining are several. First, the mines are much larger than most Eastern mines. Belle Ayr produced about 3.5 million tons in 1975 and the company hopes to reach a maximum production of about 5 million tons annually.

The implications for Amax of long or frequent UMWA strikes is therefore clear. The company hopes to produce 35 million tons a year from its Western operations by 1985. The price of coal from the Wyoming mines is now about \$12 per ton. Thus, a two-month strike would cost the company nearly \$70 million at peak production.

Second, because Western strip mines are heavily mechanized, they produce a huge amount of coal with very little manpower, relative to the deep mines. With productivity per man-day so high, the companies are willing to pay top dollar and other benefits simply to avoid any lost production time. Wages are seldom a major bargaining point and the company claims it can offer better health care and retirement plans than are provided by the UMWA.

Most Western companies do not want to contribute to the UMWA's national pension fund, preferring to establish their own. Under the latter's program, miners are credited for all time served in a particular UMWA mine, whether or not it was owned by the current employer. The Western operators want to establish their own pension plan for their own miners, not crediting time worked for other employers. In addition, most of the UMWA's pensioners are Eastern miners and there are only two working miners for each pensioner. The companies don't like supporting the Eastern pension fund with Western money.

The miners say that the health program offered by the UMWA is excellent, but the companies prefer to set up their own locally administered programs. In some contracts, the miner has the option of joining the UMWA plan or the company one.

All of these questions were at issue at Belle Ayr. The UMWA wanted the company to adopt the union's health plan, while the company contended that its own was superior. The union also wanted a clause which stipulated that any new coal mines or properties opened by Amax would automatically be represented by the UMWA.

Behind the issues, however, lies a power struggle that has little to do with bargaining. Amax apparently is determined to avoid the UMWA and the crippling strikes it often brings. The union, for its part, realized the importance of keeping a grip on its bargaining position with the nation's third largest coal company so that strikes elsewhere could be effective.

The company and the union haven't negotiated for a year, according to a company spokesman. Twenty-eight of the original fifty-two Belle Ayr strikers have gone back to work in the mine. A recent court ruling by a San Francisco administrative law judge said that, in conducting the strike, the UMWA violated portions of the National Labor Relations Act. Unless this ruling is successfully appealed, the stage is set for a new representation election at Belle Ayr. NEW ACME is favored to win that election and the UMWA will lose a major and, perhaps, decisive labor struggle.

The Amax defeat is the most serious in a chain of UMWA losses. Two years ago, the union was voted out after two years as their representative by the miners at Rosebud Coal Sales in Hanna. The men selected the International Union of Operating Engineers (IUOE) as their new bargaining agent.

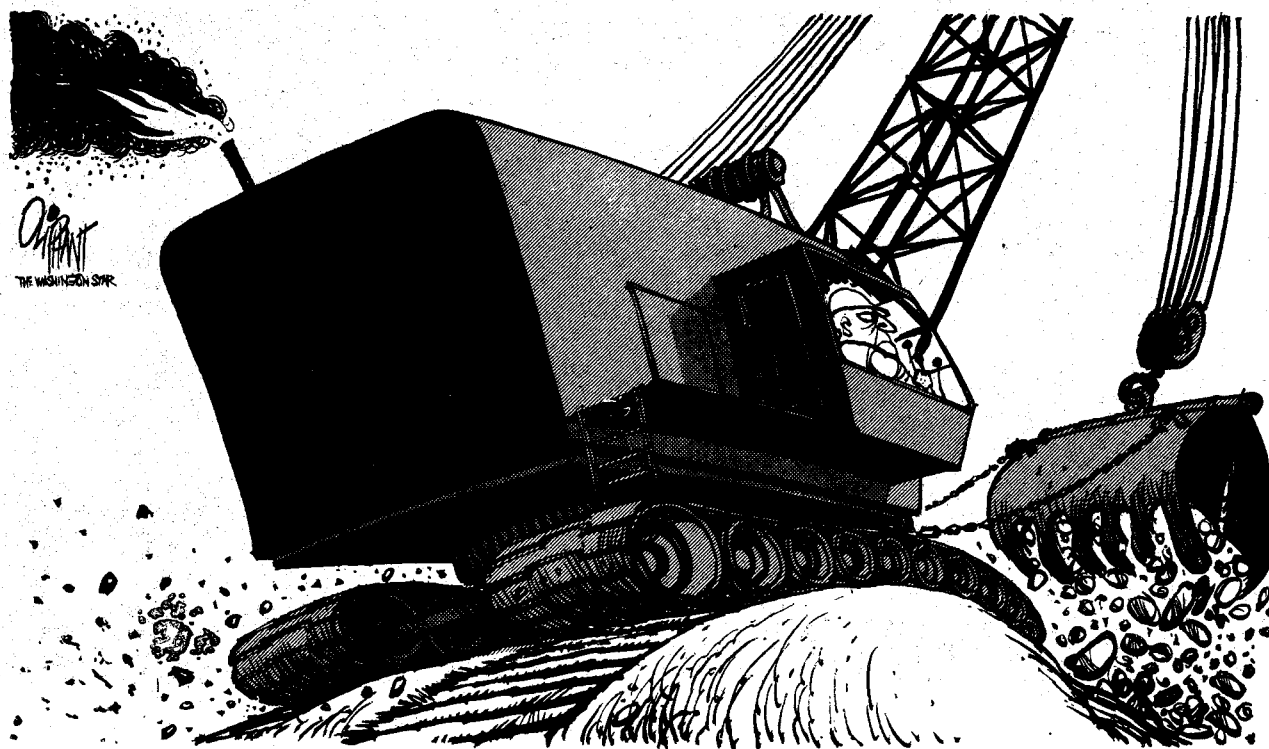
Another strike has just been settled at Stansbury Coal

in Rock Springs, Wyo., where the UMWA held out on issues much the same as those at Belle Ayr. The company wants to bargain separately and won't sign the national agreement. The strike began in November, negotiations broke down, but the mine got back to full production with non-UMWA miners. After six months of fruitless picketing, the still-striking UMWA members signed an unconditional agreement to go back to work. In return for taking down the picket line, they will be given preference for jobs when there are openings. At present, however, the employment rolls are filled by nonunion miners, so the strikers may have quite a wait. Some of the UMWA members had already returned to work before the strike ended.

Finally, in the representation election at the Energy Development Company, the UMWA got twelve votes, the Progressive Mine Workers, eleven, Operating Engineers fifty-six, and a "no union" a plurality of seventy-two. A runoff will be held between "no union" and the Operating Engineers.

The entry of the IUOE, normally a construction union, into coal-mine organizing is another hurdle for the UMWA. The IUOE says that the massive Western strip mining is different in character from the underground Eastern mines traditionally represented by the Mine Workers. According to the IUOE's Northern Plains organizer, Kenneth Kaighn, "These are modern coal miners, using modern heavy equipment, and we intend to supply the heavy equipment operators."

Some observers say that the IUOE is caught in an employment squeeze and is organizing coal miners to maintain its membership base. One coal company source points out that "Most of the big highway projects in the West are completed and there isn't too much other heavy construc-



tion work. So, to get work for their members, they are going into coal mining."

Association with the construction industry is a help to the IUOE. Some of the companies now moving into strip mining, like Utah International and Peter Kiewit Sons, are also big construction outfits. They have had experience with the union and naturally turn to it for workers and equipment operators when they open a mine. The IUOE recently signed a contract with Utah International to represent miners at the company's new mine in Colorado without even facing a representation election.

About 1,000 coal miners now belong to the IUOE; primarily they are in Wyoming and Montana. The union is capitalizing on some of the very things that hurt the UMWA. It offers local unions local control over contracts, benefits and work stoppages, rights that are anathema to the national orientation of the UMWA.

The union holds up the Rosebud Coal Sales contract as its model. UMWA scale for miners is from \$7 to \$8.59 an hour; Operating Engineers at Rosebud start at \$8.75, with a top of \$9.75. One reason why the company can accept the higher IUOE scale is that it does not have to contribute to a nationwide health and welfare fund. The Mine Workers demand a contribution of \$1.54 per man per hour. The decreased corporate obligations are translated into higher pay for the men.

On top of all this, the company seems to prefer the Operating Engineers to the strike-prone UMWA. One company spokesman said, "They seem to be closer to the men. We've had no trouble in two years with the Operating Engineers, but we had plenty with the UMWA."

The steady work apparently appeals to the miners as well; they haven't thus far voted to strike at any Operating Engineers mine. Kaighn says, "For us, a strike is last resort. And only the individual members at the individual mines can call a strike. The union does not have the power to call a strike, and a strike at one mine does not affect other miners."

The possibility that the miners will vote to be represented by another union takes much of the pressure off the companies to negotiate immediately with the UMWA. Following the example of Amax, the coal companies seem allied in their determination to block the UMWA's move West. One company source, who asked not to be identified, said, "If we have a choice, we'd rather not deal with the United Mine Workers. We hope the employees will choose another bargaining agent."

In the West the companies balk at contract provisions they will ordinarily accept at Eastern mines. Several companies, like Amax, Arch Minerals (a subsidiary of Ashland Oil), Westmoreland Resources, Peter Kiewit Sons and others, operate both UMWA and non-UMWA mines, and their older mines are signatories to the national contract.

The companies in this situation tend to be sensitive about it. Arch Minerals' main office wouldn't give out the name of the union that represents its Western miners (Progressive Mine Workers), saying, "We don't particularly want to publicize it."

Another company said that even to discuss the matter

would "start wildcat strikes all over the country." The companies obviously fear reprisals against their UMWA mines if they appear to be blocking the union in the West.

The full effect of this divided representation may be felt when the UMWA's national contract expires in December; a nationwide strike of some duration is widely expected. The effectiveness of the union's work stoppage could be weakened somewhat by coal moving east from non-UMWA mines to supply strike-harassed customers of UMWA companies. Most companies, fearing retaliation from the union, won't admit to any such plan, but at least one company, Arch Minerals, has done it in the past: it sent eight trainloads—about 80,000 tons—to a desperate customer of one of its UMWA mines. And, a spokesman for another producer says, "There has been talk of it in the corporate board room."

The short-term effects will be determined by how much coal moves east. Most Western operators say not much will be available, because the bulk of the output is committed under long-term contracts. In the long run, however, the loss of the West will be a major blow to UMWA bargaining strength. It will not only push the UMWA ever closer to the 50 percent of national production mentioned in the opening paragraph but will also imperil mining jobs in the East. The Federal Power Commission recently reported that electric utility demand for Northern Plains states' coal will increase 300 percent by 1985. More reliable supply and better transportation facilities in the West encourage this shift away from the Appalachian coal fields, at the expense of Eastern production and jobs. And to make the UMWA's situation still worse, the union's leadership has been paralyzed by internal conflicts now coming to a head in the bitter campaign for president described by Phil Primack elsewhere in this issue.

But whatever the outcome of the election, the UMWA will still have to contend with the organizing push of the Operating Engineers. Lee Roy Patterson, one of the presidential candidates, says he would favor a jurisdictional agreement between the UMWA and Operating Engineers. Other UMWA sources say that discussions on this topic have been underway, but have so far not approached a settlement. One possibility is that the UMWA would give up jurisdiction over the construction workers that build new shafts for underground mines in exchange for the IUOE's disengagement from the Western coal fields.

IUOE organizer Kaighn says that he is unaware of any discussions and will be pressing ahead with the organizing. "Our goal is to organize all the coal mines in the Northern Great Plains and give them the opportunity to be represented by the Operating Engineers."

The UMWA's future could well be decided by whether or not the union insists on clinging to the notions of John L. Lewis, not recognizing the coal industry changes that are taking place right under its nose. Its failure to come to terms with the complex problems thus raised would encourage coal companies and consumers alike to look West for new supplies. Insistence on the old ideas would set the stage for a battle that the UMWA would probably lose in the West and, eventually, in the East. □

CIVIL WAR IN ISLAMIC AMERICA

ASKIA MUHAMMAD

Early last March, when Hamaas Abdul Khaalis, leader of a small and until then obscure Moslem sect, seized hostages in three Washington, D.C. buildings and began to make extravagant demands for their release, the country was alarmed, but still more puzzled, by this bold and dangerous act. It seemed insane, but in fact was motivated by a series of events within the world of Islam in America, about which very few Americans had more than confusing fragments of information.

Askia Muhammad, whose article appears below, is well acquainted with that world, and with its leaders. Their rivalries—made no less keen by their mutual rage against the American Establishment—led to the siege in Washington. He was in the capital at the time (he is bureau chief there of the Chicago Daily Defender and the Sengstacke Newspapers, is a founder of the Black Journalism Review, and was once editor of Muhammad Speaks). He writes an "inside" story of those dramatic days that is also a brief introduction to the spread of Islam among the black citizens of this country.

June 1972 was an intense season in Muslim Chicago. There was joy among the followers of the self-proclaimed "Messenger of Allah." He had led his flock from a 31st Street and Wentworth Avenue storefront to a magnificent religious edifice—formerly the St. Helena of Constantine Greek Orthodox Church—by the combined help of his God and Col. Muammar Qaddafi. Through the agency of a \$3 million, interest-free loan from the Libyan Government, the Honorable Elijah Muhammad had outflanked all his critics.

He had forced the white establishment finally to give up the beautiful building, albeit at three times what the property was worth. He had shown his black bourgeois detractors that his self-help theories could work among the masses of blacks, independent of white philanthropy. And he had proven to the "orthodox" Muslim community of America that his brand of Islam, considered odious to most of them, was accepted and subscribed to by the world's most zealous Muslim revolutionary.

In celebration of the wondrous victory, the frail old man—whose followers reveled in his indomitable strength despite his physical frailty—spoke in person at the new mosque for twenty-one consecutive weeks, save one, at the funeral of Clara, his wife of more than fifty years. Blacks from every corner of the country and from Jamaica and the Bahamas flocked there to see and hear him in person. New York intellectuals chartered two jets and came 700-strong for a Sunday afternoon with the man with "the master plan." A Philadelphia "businessman" donated \$7,000 in cash to boost his leader's program.

And then, from the bowels of discontent, a shrill voice challenged the unchallengeable. Hamaas Abdul Khaalis, known to Chicago Muslim insiders as Ernest X McGhee, the former secretary of Headquarters Mosque No. 2, condemned the charismatic leader who had galvanized

an otherwise disjointed black America with a sense of self-determination, self-defense and self-awareness.

Instead of carping in the white media—which by then had grown weary of black Messiahs from the martyred Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., Malcolm X, Fred Hampton, George and Jonathan Jackson to Angela Davis, Huey Newton, the Republic of New Africa and Imamu Baraka—Khaalis directed his stinging missive to the ministers of Muhammad's Mosques of Islam, his list copied from the pages of the newspaper *Muhammad Speaks*. His letters called Elijah Muhammad "a lying deceiver" and said that the slight, honey-colored man who had inspired former dope addicts and prostitutes to monklike lives of sacrifice, discipline and hard work, was instead stealing his followers' money and leading them to hell.

In those days loyalty was measured in the Nation of Islam by the depths of professed—and often demonstrated—fanaticism, particularly among the rank and file eager to build reputations. The FOI (Fruit of Islam) was dominated by the desperate mentality of black men whose hopes for a bright and dignified future could be realized only by advancement within the movement and the eventual success of the alternative and separate black society that Mr. Muhammad offered. And deep within the rhetoric of the FOI, super-militant cliques had formed.

The FOI was officially "the military training class for the men who belonged to Islam in America." All Muslim men were expected to participate in its training. Classes included religion, close order drill, martial arts, and how to sell *Muhammad Speaks*. There were captains, there were lieutenants, most were "private soldiers," and the weapon all were armed with was "the Truth from the Messenger of Allah." And while the propagation of that "truth" was the military objective ("the duty of the FOI is to deliver the mentally dead lost-found Nation [non-Muslim blacks] to the Lamb of God, Mr. Muhammad"), there was a clear understanding that spiritual, mental, psychological warfare would some day erupt into bloody jihad, the prophesied "Holy War" when God and his angels would vanquish the devil and his imps, and America and everything and everyone in it except the Muslims would be destroyed by fire.

Elijah Muhammad's followers were superficially tolerant of opposing black groups, their common meeting ground being resentment of the injustices committed by white Christian America against its former black slaves. But virtually all Muslims recognized one line that could not be crossed: there could be no defamation of Mr. Muhammad. Muslims were taught in FOI that, when selling the newspaper, they were to defend its name as well as its founder-publisher against any and all slander, insult or even insinuation encountered in the streets. Blacks had to be taught to respect black leadership, and thousands of fist fights erupted throughout the country

when winos, street people, wayward Muslims, Malcolms, Marxists and others uttered what might have been a misunderstanding as coming close to a slur against Muhammad within hearing of his followers.

Thus in Philadelphia, where only white reporters secure in a suburban life style dared to link the rampaging Black Mafia with the Muslims there, no one was exempt from "performance of duty" as it related to the self-help program of the Nation—not, that is, if they hoped to function or live in the black community. Gambling parties were raided periodically, the booty being donated to the mosque. The Delfonics popular rhythm and blues singers (two of them were members of Mosque No. 12) were accompanied even to concerts by lieutenants who collected money for the singers' "quota" of *Muhammad Speaks* sometimes before they had removed the star-and-crescent-embazoned velvet capes they wore as uniforms. And dope pushers, many of whom had adopted the short Shabazz haircuts and neat suits that were recognized as Muslim attire, would each week receive at least 300 copies of the newspaper to sell, eat, or throw away, but surely to pay for in advance as all Muslims did. It was a sort of tax for doing business in the community.

But the brilliant gloss came to the Philadelphia image when the Black Panthers displayed in their office window a portrait of Malcolm X, Mr. Muhammad's chief apostate who, though a folk hero to the masses of blacks, was a symbol of rebellion for those opposed to the patriarch's leadership. The Panthers boasted of armed revolution against the capitalist power structure, and had chosen to ascribe the phenomenal Muslim financial success to complicity with the capitalist ruling class, and had done so publicly. Their office was visited by members of Mosque No. 12 who, after a short, one-sided battle, left the place a shambles as a lesson to others who might confuse the kindness of the aging leader with weakness among his vigorous and youthful adherents.

Police authorities from the San Francisco Bay Area to the Philadelphia-Wilmington-New Jersey-Delaware Valley region were disturbed by Muslim death cults which sometimes even decapitated their victims, leaving the heads ritualistically facing the West, away from the Holy City of Mecca. There was nothing holy or peace-loving about the men who perpetrated these crimes. They were America's ghetto children, born again, out of a world sodden with 310 years of miserable slavery and another 100 years of lynchings, Emmet Till castrations, poverty and police brutality, into a religion which taught them that the "Savior" who had taught Elijah Muhammad could happily eat bean soup while sitting on top of a hill made from the heads of the "devils" who had conducted this carnage against them. They were the new American dervishes, whirling without orders except that from Allah Himself, to remember their *dhikr*: "There is no God but Allah, and the Honorable Elijah Muhammad is His Last and Greatest Messenger." They were self-fulfilling gangs and they had found a shortcut to the heaven America had cheated them of—"money, good homes and friendship in all walks of life." And their salvation was Muhammad's Message, one meal a day, a close haircut and nerves of steel. They were the dawn unto their own day, a "new day."

So if, as they were taught, the followers of the Prophet Muhammad Ibn Abdullah might take the heads of those who only refused to bear witness to Allah's Message as Muhammad taught it 1,400 years ago; and if what was taught then could be compared to what they were being taught now only as moonlight compares to sunlight, what could they not do, now that they were bathed in the "light of total revelation," when the reality of God, the reality of man, the reality of heaven, the reality of hell, and the reality of the devil had all been revealed to them?

On January 18, 1973, two days before the Watergate inauguration, Hamaas Abdul Khaalis—he who had blasphemed "The Last and Greatest Messenger of Allah"—returned in the evening from shopping at a nearby market to his home in the fashionable "gold coast" section of Washington. The \$78,000 house had been donated by then basketball star Kareem Abdul Jabbar of the Milwaukee Bucks, a convert to Islam as interpreted, first by the 8th-century Iraqi scholar Abu Hanifa, and now by Khaalis, the khalifa (leader) of a tiny sect of blacks in Islam who were Hanafi adherents, who believed in strict interpretations of the Koran and strict enforcement of Koranic law.

As Khaalis returned to the house he saw gunmen fleeing. He chased after the men, but was unable to catch them. Inside the house he found his family the victims of what has been described as "the worst crime the nation's capital has ever witnessed." Five of his children and grandchildren had been brutally hacked to death or drowned. Two adults were shot to death, and his wife and daughter lay unconscious in pools of blood with bullet holes in their heads.

Khaalis attributed the dreadful slaughter not to deranged fanatics from Muhammad's fold but charged that Muhammad had personally ordered the killings as retribution for the stinging letters. Mr. Muhammad never officially responded to the charge, as was his custom of never reacting in public to recriminations against him. His good works, he would say, were his defense against preposterous charges from jealous former followers. Minister Abdul Haleem Farrakhan, head of the teeming Harlem Mosque and successor in both eloquence and title to Malcolm X, did issue a resounding renunciation on the Muslim national radio broadcast over 100 radio stations. Farrakhan said that any men who would take the lives of babies and unarmed women were vile, sick men, whom society should punish.

Eventually, seven men were arrested and brought to trial. All were registered with the controversial Philadelphia Mosque No. 12; one may even have been a lieutenant there. One man was acquitted by the trial judge. One other suspect, who was to have been a prosecution witness, was mysteriously killed while "alone" in his Philadelphia jail cell. In fact, the prisoner, Charles "Bubbles" Price, had been placed by himself in an entire cell block, as a form of "protective custody." The other five men were convicted, and each was sentenced to 140 years in prison.

The public, satisfied that this bloody chapter was closed, turned away from the ugly episode to get on

with the business of the day—tax-evasion, at best, by the Vice President; fired Watergate Special Prosecutor; impeachment proceedings, and the like. But for Khaalis and his band, the funerals and the trial only added the final frustrating ironies to a bitter period in their struggle for a dignified life. The rage that welled up in him for four years was vented on a calm, prematurely spring-like Wednesday afternoon early last March. In the late morning, Khaalis himself led six others not to Muhammad's Mosque No. 4 in Washington, where the objects of his Muslim revenge were quartered but to the national headquarters of B'nai B'rith, the Jewish service agency. There they captured at first more than 150 people. Almost simultaneously, three of his followers had captured fifteen more at the internationally funded showpiece of Washington religious understanding, the Islamic Center Mosque. And finally, after two others had taken a dozen more hostages at the city's seat of government, the District of Columbia Building, Khaalis's pent-up rage began to spill out.

Despite the unintended death of black reporter Maurice Williams, killed at the District Building when he surprised the Hanafi invaders as he stepped from an elevator, and despite the wounding of City Council member Marion Barry, Khaalis expressed no regrets. Not one city official had sent so much as a card of condolence, or thought to phone him when his own babies and grandbabies were lying in their tiny coffins.

And that fine, that \$750 fine which Judge Leonard Braman had slapped on him for an outburst in the courtroom during the trial of the killers—that had to be refunded. It wasn't that he needed the cash—just a week before the takeover, Khaalis had loaned more than \$700 to a non-Hanafi Muslim jewelry maker who faced a foreclosure on his home, in exchange for a loose agreement to help train Hanafis in jewelry making for their fashionable Georgetown jewelry store. But he saw the fine as humiliating him, the principal victim of the crime. Khaalis soon had that wish granted; police brought him his money in a suitcase, early on the first long night of the siege.

It was probably no coincidence that Khaalis struck—executing the most startling military operation by a black American against American power since Nat Turner launched his "Holy War" in 1831—on the day when the controversial *Muhammad, Messenger of God* was opening simultaneously in New York and Hollywood. That \$17 million film starring Anthony Quinn had, like Elijah Muhammad's mosque, been underwritten by Col. Muammar Qaddafi.

Khaalis's first demand, then, was that the movie never be shown in this country. Officials quickly suspended all showing of the film. Later, however, after Khaalis's surrender and the release of his hostages, at least nine theatres in metropolitan New York and Los Angeles scheduled the picture. In Chicago, a respected non-Muslim cultural group, the Black Arts Celebration, announced a benefit screening of the film, and for a time enjoyed the support of Elijah Muhammad's former group, despite the arrival of pickets from various other concerned Muslims who objected to the film. Wallace Muhammad, the

elder Muhammad's fifth son and successor, at first supported the film, but then switched, saying he did not realize the depth of opposition to it among Arabic Muslim scholars in Saudi Arabia. Privately, many Muslims dismiss the film as amateurish by today's movie standards.

Next, Khaalis wanted the killers of his family as well as the killers of Malcolm X brought to him from jail so that he could execute the judgment on them that he said the Scriptures prescribed—that is, an eye for an eye. "First thing, I want the killers of my babies. I say I want them right here. I want to see how tough they are. I want the one who killed Malcolm too," he said in one of several telephone interviews with television stations and wire services.

"You call Cassius X Clay, your champion and . . . child murderer. You call him and Wallace X and Herbert X (Wallace Muhammad's older brother and manager of heavyweight champ Muhammad Ali) and all of them and tell them that payday is here. We gonna pull the cover off them. No more games."

Wallace Muhammad flew to Washington from Chicago, saying before he left that he would confer with city officials and would be available in town to offer Mayor Walter Washington assistance in the delicate negotiations. Washington never returned Wallace's many phone calls, possibly fearing that Muhammad's involvement would only add fuel to the volatile situation.

Ironically, Wallace had already "Malcolmized" the Nation of Islam. The group is now open to white members; it follows strict Koranic teaching and has publicly denounced, as definitely not "divinely inspired," most of the elder Muhammad's interpretations of prophecy. It is no longer even called a "nation." For more than a year, the movement has been called the World Community of Islam in the West, the FOI classes have been abolished, and women are no longer required to wear the official garments which had set them apart from the masses of the black community for forty-four years.

Wallace disavowed any knowledge of the 1973 massacre, saying in a press conference, "I have no knowledge of the horrifying massacre at the Hanafi Center, other than what has been given in the press. I accept no responsibility in this matter except to do what any sincere Muslim leader would do. I trust my position and conduct will serve to create healthy, civilized ideas and actions on the part of the Muslims under my direction as well as those belonging to other groups. We would like to extend our sympathy to those who have been injured or killed thus far and we would like to state our support for the innocent persons who are being held hostages."

Privately though—after stating publicly that, even had he been involved in the affairs of his father's movement in January 1973, he probably would not have been able, nor would he have attempted, to stop the massacre—Muhammad discussed leading an army of 500 of his followers to Washington to free the hostages. According to members present, he brought this idea up at his group's regular Wednesday night meeting. The action was considered in response to the suggestion that his inaction might be at least indirectly responsible for innocent deaths. "Run to trouble, do not retreat from it,"

he is quoted as saying to the congregation.

But in another, by now familiar way, Wallace Muhammad's own success among the oil-rich Arab Muslim world, may have contributed to the Hanafi action. Last summer Sheikh Sultan Ben Mohamad al-Qasimi, ruler of Sharjah, United Arab Emirates, gave the World Community of Islam \$16 million to build a mosque and educational complex, and declared the group to be "the sole consultant and trustee for all American Muslim organizations."

In a *Washington Post* interview, Gordon Hall, who has watched Muslims and other "extremist" groups for twenty-eight years, said that the Hanafi siege may have been a result of the generous gift, "a last desperate attempt by Khaalis to gain recognition" for his group.

Muhammad, like his father four years earlier, exploited the gift to gain maximum political and public relations exposure for his group. Early this year he held a press conference with Chicago's Acting Mayor, Michael Bilandic, and Woodlawn community leader Leon Finney to announce that the mosque would be the first phase and cornerstone of a massive city-approved redevelopment project, designed to transform the blighted community with hundreds of units of housing and modern shopping centers.

Khaalis, it seems, has pursued his own fund raising in the Middle East, and his eventual imprisonment after the siege, as well as the jailing of his son-in-law and chief lieutenant, Abdul Aziz, was to some extent prompted by court-approved wiretaps that recorded "threatening" language between Khaalis and Aziz from an airport phone when Aziz returned from the Middle East. "I was notified by people close to Arab affairs that Hanafis harass the Arabs constantly by asking for contributions, more than any other group," one knowledgeable Arab observed.

The process that finally led to the safe release of the hostages was itself shrouded in a cloak of Middle Eastern intrigue, politics and recrimination, much as the controversial Khaalis had been from the start. The Ambassadors to the United States from Egypt, Pakistan and Iran eventually headed negotiations which broke the stalemate and brought peace. But Pakistan, still recovering from the fratricidal struggle in which its former Eastern section became Bangladesh; Iran, troubled by the Shah's secret police, its Washington Ambassador's playboy image and its students condemning the country from campuses all over the Western world; and Egypt, labeled by Qaddafi the CIA fueling ground in the Arab world, all had problems of their own to consider when the State Department's Philip Habib called the Egyptian Ambassador, asking for his assistance.

Egypt's Ashraf Abdel-Latif Ghorbal, upon learning that at least six of his country's nationals were held captive at the Islamic Center, agreed to help in any way he could. Ghorbal was serving as a board member of the Islamic Center, as well as Pakistani Ambassador Sahabzada Yaqub-Khan, and Iranian Ambassador Ardeshtir Zahedi. Together, they formed the important link that defused the Hanafi leader's rage and enabled police and Justice Department officials to arrange the eventual surrender.

"Yes, when we talked to him at first he was constantly inferring that he had a message to deliver," Ghorbal

said when I talked with him. "He had done what he had done because he was ordered by the Almighty to do it." So the Ambassadors read to Khaalis from the Koran. One of their strengths was that in their native tongue Islamic scholars and purists—as Khaalis purports to be—insist that the Koran must be read in Arabic if its true meaning is to be conveyed. And though Khaalis speaks and reads some Arabic, his knowledge of Koranic Scriptures was no match for the diplomats, born and raised in Islamic societies, and required to memorize the Koran before they reached the age of 12.

"We recited several passages," Ghorbal continued. "One passage, 'If you are hardhearted then people will disperse away from you.'" We talked about the attributes of Allah—the Merciful, the Forgiver, the Compassionate. My colleagues in the embassy were constantly feeding me with passages in Arabic. I was translating them, giving them to the Pakistani Ambassador who was at that time the president of the board of the Islamic Center, and thus was speaking in behalf of all the Ambassadors of the Islamic nations." Khaalis's Arabic teacher and authority on Muslim theology after he broke with Elijah Muhammad had been a Pakistani, and Pakistani translations and publishing houses are almost the only source of Islamic literature in English in this country.

Despite concerns by some Muslims not involved in the confrontation, and by others in the black community, that the image of Muslims might be sullied by the terrifying siege, Ghorbal expressed confidence that respect for Muslims would grow from the incident. President Carter wrote letters of appreciation to the diplomats, and civic group after civic group, including B'nai B'rith, heaped awards on the men. Ghorbal, because of Middle East tensions, managed adroitly not to accept the Jewish group's award in person. "I think," he said, "it has shown that the Muslims are people who are anxious to help and achieve understanding and achieve peace in bringing about a common approach to things. We are always anxious to bring about peace among people and among nations."

Since his and Aziz's arrest, Khaalis and all his followers have been charged with first-degree murder and conspiracy and more than 100 counts of kidnapping. Several other of his followers were awakened in simultaneous pre-dawn weapons raids, and all the known Hanafi homes have presumably been cleared of their remaining weapons. Twelve of those responsible for the melodrama of last March went to trial on May 31 on charges of kidnapping and murder.

If law-enforcement authorities have their way in this matter, Khaalis and his band will be locked away permanently in jail, which ironically is where Elijah Muhammad scored his first dramatic successes in spreading the word of Islam after he was convicted of draft evasion in 1942. It is where Wallace D. Muhammad spent fourteen months on draft charges in 1961, where Malcolm X was recruited, and where his killers now strut, according to Khaalis's account. And it is where the killers of five babies, two women and Charles "Bubbles" Price, presumably still reside. □

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Studs Lonigan in the Bronx

**ALBERT AUSTER
LEONARD QUART**

As an undergraduate at Cornell, novelist Richard Price (*The Wanderers*, *Bloodbrothers*) wrote a term paper describing fear as the main reason people moved to Co-Op City in the Bronx. His professor felt it was so good that he offered to co-write it and submit it to the *Journal of Social Issues*. However, Price burned the paper because he had faked most of the interviews—he had felt no need to slog through the interviewing process for, as he put it, “I knew.”

This sense of knowing came from growing up in that culture—white ethnic, lower middle class, northeast Bronx, early-to-middle 1960s. It came from his observing and understanding the anxiety, rage, oppression and twisted sense of camaraderie that circumscribed that world and made it so explosive. This is the world Price explores in his two novels: *The Wanderers*, an episodic account of a teen-age gang in the early 1960s, and *Bloodbrothers*, the saga of the self-destructive, entrapped De Cocos of Co-Op City in the 1970s.

Price's characters would have to laugh at such benign pop imitations of their lives as “the Fonzie” and “the Sweat-hogs.” For his people are authentic “greasers” and “hitters”—high school dropouts, construction workers, enlistees in the Marine Corps. They dance to the music of Dion and the Belmonts (*Teenager in Love* and *The Wanderer*), proudly wear their gang colors, and drift from schoolyard to pizza parlor to bowling alley. They also live in a world where one's sense of awe and respect is reserved for more powerful, violent, and fabled groups like “the Fordham Baldies” (a gang that built a mystique by shaving their heads), rather than for traditional institutions.

Although their locale is crucial, Price's novels do not exploit local color or nostalgia, and they are much more than an evocation of working-class ethos. His work never rests with social surfaces, preferring instead to arrive at the dark heart of lower-middle-class mores and rituals. The male bravado and role playing of his “hitters” are painfully re-

vealed as transparent postures which try to hide the pathos and fear that exist underneath. There are no warm-hearted working-class Italian families with authoritarian but benign fathers and hysterical but loving mothers—there are only familial violence and manipulation masquerading as love. This is a volatile world where both real and imagined hurts are answered with blows, and genuine intimacy is either deflected, repressed, or viewed as the province of “fags.” If anything, Price's novels transpose the world of Studs Lonigan to the 1960s, where we see that the institutions (church, neighborhood and family) which shaped and oppressed Studs are either dying slowly or already in ruins, and there is little else left besides thin platitudes about manhood and the anguish and resentment of the solitary psyche.

Price's fiction centers on the nuclear family and the individual self rather than on the political and social world which shapes them. His ear is nearly perfect—both the dialogue and descriptive prose of his books are filled with the sort of nuance which at times takes flight into pure Bronx poetry. Price is only 27, and is obviously still growing as a writer. He has difficulty making his female characters come alive—they never have the reality or density of his men, and there are moments when his novels strain for effect, become repetitive, and get lost in street riffs. Nevertheless he has constructed out of the provincial universe of the De Cocos and the northeast Bronx a unique and resonant fiction.

We began our interview by questioning Price about his first novel, *The Wanderers*.

What inspired The Wanderers?

I was writing something called *Tales of Walking Johnson*. It was the diary of a fugitive, and in it he would meet people and have extended conversations with them. One of the characters in the story fell asleep and had a dream about when he was a kid. I gave him the same kind of childhood I had.

Then I put it off, until I went to visit a girlfriend of mine in Philadelphia. She had gotten involved with an old flame. And I got very sulky and very huffy. I thought: I'm gonna show her, I'm gonna write something so sensitive, so powerful, so beautiful. So I wrote about a

gang war between-Guineas and Niggers. You know, people beating each other over the head with bats and all. It was more fun, and was something I was more connected to than anything I had ever written before. So I dropped the other stuff and concentrated on that.

Since you yourself are Jewish, why did you write about Italians instead of Jews?

The neighborhood I grew up in was about 20 percent black, 40 percent white Catholic, 40 percent Jewish and 100 percent lower middle class. It wasn't the South Bronx, but it wasn't suburbia either. It was a kind of clean-cut poverty. Most of the people I knew were Jews, but we were close to the Italian kids who lived with us. When I started writing, I didn't want to do my friends, because I didn't want to do Philip Roth or Bruce Jay Friedman. So I decided on “The Wanderers” (the name of a real gang), who were a little tougher than my friends. But the people I was really writing about were the very tough kids in the neighborhood—the crazy Jews, and the crazy Italians. The reason I gave them Italian names was that Italian names sound more lyrical than Jewish names—Gambino sounds more lyrical than Schwartz. However, there's nothing particularly Italian about my Italians. They're more urban than Italian. For instance, there's nothing in the books about church.

Is there any character in the novel who is your counterpart?

In every chapter of the novel there is something I was involved in. C is sort of my ideal Pizza Queen—like Ronnie of the Ronettes. My 16-year-old Greek ideal of beauty—teased hair, big tits, etc. And in the chapter about the kid jumping off the roof—when I was 7, some kid tried to talk me into jumping off the roof. Also the massive football game actually happened, including the big fight with the Ducky Boys.

How do you feel about some reviewers referring to The Wanderers as a “masterful use of surrealism?”

I was writing very literally. Then the reviewers came along and said that. What surrealism? I just exaggerated too much! Reviewers look at it that way because they are so far removed from that world that I could be writing about Martians as far as they're concerned.

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You've got to remember that most reviewers are basically upper middle class, college-educated and suburban. And they couldn't tell the difference between *The Wanderers* and a gang in *Manchild in the Promised Land*. They saw it all as life in the ghetto? What ghetto? Everybody was in high school, nobody was on drugs, nobody got killed, and half the kids were virgins.

In both novels you are critical of your characters' obsession with machismo; this is especially true in the case of Eugene in The Wanderers.

It was all tied up—sexual performance and acting tough, all part of that non-human notion of what it meant to be a man. The episodes with Eugene were me—complete with the physical problem. I even did the same thing as Eugene—talking bad, even though I was a virgin. In college I was like the resident stud. Guys would be coming up to my room, asking my advice all the time. And I would advise them. It became like academic sociology after a while: if you've got the gift of gab and some common sense, you can sound like Emile Durkheim. It was the easiest thing in the world to advise people about sex—"Be gentle. Be understanding," all that Hallmark cards philosophy.

But at the same time I was splitting apart at the seams with anxiety and irony. There was this fear of intimacy with men that did it. Look, those guys could come to me, but I was terrified of doing the same, and of what that would mean as a sign of weakness—just to say I'm scared.

Why does Eugene's mother attack him so viciously when he fails to do anything while his girlfriend is being raped?

I had just finished the book with the wedding of Buddy Borsalino and Despie when a similar incident happened to me. A girlfriend of mine was attacked. But even though the guy ran away when he saw me, I started thinking afterward: I should have killed him, I should have beaten him up. Then I started thinking about what it all meant. And I remembered an incident from my childhood when I got beaten up and my mother saw the whole thing from the window. And when I came upstairs crying she said to me that I would have to learn that the two most important things in a man's life are to beat someone up and to be beaten up. So the connection became, to be a man is to be brutal, is to be callous, is to be insensitive, and I got numbed out by that experience. And then I started thinking of "*The Wanderers*." It seemed to me that these guys were afraid of intimacy. That the heritage of that experience is that the more brutal you are, the more a man you are,

the more psychopathic you are, the more respected you are.

Why would your mother say that? It seems strange coming out of a Jewish context.

My parents weren't heavy Jews. You know, not the kind that say there are two types of people in the world—"Jews and the enemy." They were very unimmigrantish. My grandfather was indicted for murder when I was 13—my mother's father. My family on my mother's side, they're bad Jews—rough Jews. They're *farbiseners starkes* (hostile toughs).

You have to understand one thing about tough Jews—they are the toughest people in the world. Because to be tough and to be a Jew, you've got to be twice as tough, because it's not expected of you. I always felt that the craziest roughest guys were the Jews. If there was a Jew in the crowd, he was the craziest. He would be the one who had to prove that he was tough. Look at Murder Inc.

Does the breaking up of "The Wanderers" at the book's conclusion mean that their world is over?

That particular world is over. I very consciously put it in the early 1960s—pre-sophistication, pre-Vietnam, pre-dope, pre-Beatles. That world is over, that state of naïveté, that state of camaraderie and even nobility—there is a point in everyone's life when "that" is over.

Do you feel that it is a good thing that that world is over?

Well, when you look back you tend to remember the good things the most. You don't remember the day-to-day emptiness. What you remember are the anecdotes—the three best things that happened in 1964. But you don't remember what it was like Tuesday night watching TV in your room with the little brother you hated, and your mother playing mah-jongg in the other room with the crows. Nor how disgusted and guilty you felt about jacking off. No, it wasn't bittersweet, it was shit. But that's growing up, and it doesn't make any difference where you grew up. Adolescence is pure pimple.

Why is there so little interest in politics in your novels?

In the late '60s at Cornell I was in SDS and TEP (Jewish fraternity) at the same time. I used to come home and yell at my parents that they should sell their hosiery store and give the money to the people. They used to say to me, "It's a hosiery store, not Texaco." I also taught Afro-American literature and helped set up an alternate junior high school. But like so many other people, to be politicized was a means not an

end. It was looking for yourself like Rennie Davis's going from intense politicization to finding the perfect 9-year-old guru.

So Stony (the protagonist in *Bloodbrothers*) is nonpolitical, but he is more sincere than a lot of people. When he says, "I hate the 'Bimis' (West Indians) with a passion," it's not an active thing, it's just a feeling. Racism is not in his vocabulary, but by the same token he would not go out of his way self-consciously to say "black" when he was thinking "Nigger." He is who he is.

Do you still feel that you are political?

It's basically not whether I am or not. My book might have a lot of material for Marxists whether I'm a Marxist or not, because I'm reporting life as I see it. I don't have to be aware of Marxism to write like one. Just like you don't have to be aware of race to write about race. I feel that my sympathies and my politics are considerably Left, but not Left in terms of institutions. The only institution I'm really interested in is the family.

Why do you have such terrible images of the family in both The Wanderers and Bloodbrothers?

I think the nuclear family has been a failure. I think some couples have children because they're supposed to. Then they are in a chronic rage because they have to be with them all the time. At that point, I feel that infants can feel emotions like tidal waves, and they begin shutting down on needs. In its most extreme form it can lead to crib death or total apathy. And as people grow up like that, they begin to shut down needs to avoid rage. So they get out of touch with their own feelings, and a deadening process takes place.

But your characters express their feelings?

Yes, but it's a superficial type of letting out, not an honest letting out. Like Marie in *Bloodbrothers*—she is a victim, but she in turn victimizes her son Albert. At some stage the victim becomes the victimizer, and this victimization is called love. For example, Marie brutalizes Albert, and says I do it because I love you, because I don't want you to be a faggot, or sick and disgusting all your life. And that's called love, and maybe they're going to grow up and treat their kids that way, or they're going to be afraid of intimacy, shut off and isolated, because what was called intimacy and love was unadulterated brutality. That's what happened to Stony and Albert in *Bloodbrothers*.

Do you see any alternative to the nuclear family?

I think there's a lot to communal life, but at the same time I'm repulsed by it, probably because I've been socialized by the nuclear family. I tried living with a group of guys, and it chilled me to the bone; I felt it was 1984. I feel like I've been tattooed by the nuclear family.

The ending of Bloodbrothers, with its sudden outbreak of violence, has a contrived, mechanical feel to it.

I think in *Bloodbrothers* people like the writing better than the story. As I look back now, I'm not crazy about it. There are scenes I love, and characters I love, but I felt that when I strung it together it was too jazzy. *The Wanderers* was like automatic writing. *Bloodbrothers* was really my first attempt at writing—at creating something. I think I learned a lot from the experience though.

What has happened to the world of The Wanderers in the '70s?

Well, I'm writing about them now in

the third book. I hope to go to Yaddo this summer and maybe finish the first draft. But in that world of the third book, I definitely feel a death of the spirit. The men are trapped and isolated, with only their memories to sustain them.

A final question, do you have any literary influences?

My first inspiration was my grandfather, factory worker-poet, Morris Price. I used to see his poetry in YMHA journals when I was 9 or 10, and convinced myself that it looked easy. The most important influence was my creative writing teacher at Cornell, Ronald Sukenick (the anti-novelist). I decided that I was going to write like him, except that he knew what he was anti. I began writing surrealist flights of fancy—sort of Ginsberg and stream of consciousness—the sort of superficiality that said, Yeah, I can write America with three “k”s instead of “c.” And then suddenly I found my own voice. □

and in certain ways systematic. From Hakluyt to Samuel Eliot Morison's monumental *European Discovery of America*, it has been the things discovered which have been emphasized, while the actual records of discovery have been a source rather than a text. Seelye does not treat those records primarily as evidence that history happened in a certain way. For him they comprise a complex and interrelated drama in which the actors repeat one another's rituals of confrontation with the continent.

Verrazano touched the American shore lightly, too nervous about the Indians to venture inland. But he was responsible for the tenacious myth that an easy sea passage to Asia led right through the middle of this extensive coast. He had even seen the entry to the passage himself, off North Carolina. When the initiative of exploration passed to the English, the ambition to find the passage took precedence over colonization. Well into the 17th century the Northwest Passage was being sought, though access to it receded further and further into the West—past the Blue Ridge Mountains, past Lake Champlain, past a series of imaginary bodies of water which vaguely covered the western edges of maps.

Virginia was settled by wild-eyed explorers who, as Seelye points out, soon settled into planting tobacco and could hardly be got to think about anything beyond the fall line for over a century. Plymouth and Massachusetts were both settled as tight little fortresses of the Lord. The Plymouth Pilgrims had no illusions about founding a nation or fulfilling any grand supernatural design. “We are all, in all places, strangers and pilgrims, travelers and sojourners, most properly,” they told themselves, “having no dwelling but in this earthen tabernacle; our dwelling is but a wandering, and our abiding but as a fleeing, and in a word our home is nowhere but in the heavens. . . .” The words of this lay sermon by Robert Cushman are eloquent, but such a sentiment does not produce new nations here on earth. Seelye mentions the way in which William Bradford underplayed the adventurous beginnings in *Of Plymouth Plantation* so as to diminish the sense of change and of individual action. It was the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay who discovered that the divine plan included a prominent place for English Protestants between the Charles and Merrimack Rivers.

Protestants were perhaps more willing to deal with the cultural anomaly of America. They had had to answer the question of why their own special truth

Adventurers and True Believers

PROPHETIC WATERS: The River in Early American Life and Literature. By John Seelye. Oxford University Press. 423 pp. \$15.95.

ORMOND SEAVEY

The America which Columbus discovered was not merely new. It was almost unimaginable. Those who explored and settled this New World had to have personalities that could deal with the appearance of newness and uncertainty.

Two personality types in particular seem to have thrived in early America. On one hand there were adventurers, men who seem to prosper in the midst of confusion and ambiguity: the conquistadors and Captain John Smith were the founders of that tough, amoral line. At their worst these were men like Henry Kissinger, who created ambiguity and called it peace, or like John D. Rockefeller, whose methods of accumulation broke no laws except the ones which had to be passed after he had finished. At their best they were men like Gatsby, whose sensual delight in a realm of unlimited possibilities seems unimpeded by any sense of traditional moral constraints.

On the other hand were the true believers, determined to force this incred-

ible world into patterns of meaning. The Puritans resolved that America was theirs by virtue of Biblical prophecy, and that queer belief had at least the good effect of making the place liveable. These two basic American strains, the adventurer and the true believer, seem antithetical. Yet it is common to see them converge in a single person. The problem of confronting America still produces the same modes of response.

John Seelye's new book, *Prophetic Waters: The River in Early American Life and Literature*, is not really a book about rivers, though rivers do run through his narrative. Rather it is about the accounts of exploration and first settlement from the 16th to the early 18th centuries. Together, the narratives record the wonderment, the pettiness, and the ambition of those explorers and settlers. The men and women who colonized America had no extraordinary intellectual gifts, but their circumstances drove them to be good observers, and their disorientation made them nervously alert to the world around them.

There is a well-established precedent for a book like this, as well as a need. Ever since the two Richard Hakluyts began collecting records of voyages in the 16th century, it has been customary to treat the explorations as a large collective enterprise. The volumes of *Hakluyt's Voyages* themselves helped to make the explorations seem cumulative

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should await the coming of Luther and Calvin. The discovery of printing, the discovery of America, and the Reformation seemed to Protestants as providential coincidences, evidence that God was going to perform remarkable works in this latter day. The times they lived in were special, the Puritans thought, calling for unusual endeavors and intense perceptions.

Seelye spends a fair amount of time, appropriately, on the contemporary Puritan historians, who sought to align events to the predestined scheme. In the hands of Edward Johnson, William Hubbard and Cotton Mather, New England became a replay of the history of Israel. King Philip, the Indian chief, becomes the Canaanite King Amalek. William Bradford becomes a Moses leading his people across the Red Sea to a promised land. John Winthrop becomes Nehemiah, building the wall of God's city. When the parallels collapse—Sir William Phips, whom Mather models after David, became a bad, even corrupt governor—the histories fall silent.

The Puritans wrote voluminously, and their sense of the ridiculous was not well developed, so Seelye has much material to work with. There are the captivity narratives of Mary Rowlandson and John Williams. Seelye describes an odd New World version of the temptation in the Garden of Eden when King Philip offers Mrs. Rowlandson a smoke. Unlike Eve, she rejects the temptation. "For though I had formerly used tobacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. It seems to be a bait the Devil lays to make men lose their precious time. . . ." There are the Puritan poets and the journal keepers. Histories and records of journeys in particular fascinate Seelye, because those occasions spur the Puritans to come up with large explanations for their experiences. The Virginians are less driven, but Seelye also describes Robert Beverley, the historian, and William Byrd, the journeyer and surveyor.

He is especially interesting on the maps produced by the explorers. Geography in those maps is adjusted to serve the perceptions and psychological needs of the map makers. Captain John Smith's map of New England is dominated by his portrait. On William Hubbard's map the New England towns are symbolized by little fortresses, and the rivers are huge and all-embracing. Map makers do not leave the unknown spaces empty, we discover. They fill the unknown with what they want or fear to be there.

Altogether, the assemblage of texts which Seelye touches on becomes, in his hands, a kind of super-text, in which different authors deal with recur-

ring situations and themes. In one quoted passage, the newly arrived Pilgrims come upon the grave of a blond English sailor buried with honors by the Indians. For Seelye, the scene is "one of those coincidences which glorify the American experience, lending it the quality of an extended fiction."

The whole record of settlement is thus an extended narrative which Seelye relates to other narratives. The European settlers are repeatedly compared to Aeneas, whose Trojans invade by sea the simple and primitive Italians. And the journeys up the wilderness rivers of America remind Seelye of Marlow's journey up the Congo in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. Western literature itself becomes a massive text which gives meaning and resonance to these records of exploration.

In many cases, too much meaning. Seelye is a literary scholar, professor of American Literature and American

Studies at Chapel Hill, and the richness of interpretation he brings to bear on his material often overwhelms it. Names fascinate him. They are always suggestive, just as they are in novels. Columbus the dove, Cartier the map maker, Miles (Latin for *soldier*) Standish, even Captain John Smith the forger—the reader finally insists that life cannot be as endlessly meaningful as literature. Seelye's prose also tends toward the excessively lush: "Shedding clouds of chivalric glory," Seelye declaims, "Captain Smith is a Red Cross Knight with a star-spangled manner, his river voyages putting a seal on the land, yielding both a popular myth and a darker version, too." Where the explorers were often content just to describe, Seelye must feverishly embellish: "Like Praxiteles' Hermes carrying the infant Dionysus," he says of the blond sailor's body the Pilgrims found, "that sailor is a male madonna with child."

Still, these are the faults of honest enthusiasm. Seelye's efforts to evoke the

MIDWINTER

i.

*You know it's true the sky has fallen:
a blue has settled upon the ground
and gray fields grow solid overhead.
Points of light, thousands, break behind your eyes.
A nova whirls about your nose.
Your mind implodes, black hole in space,
and draws all sound and sense
to a center you never want to be.*

ii.

*The hard gravity of ice holds you down.
Days like this it's hard to move.
Landscape is constantly the same.
You envy Venezuelans the warmer world.
You've bottomed out at 10 below.
A jungle of snow is vining up
the day. Night falls, ritual and fast.*

iii.

*Even dreams are static. The frozen womb
you crawl into each night holds you
as fast as amber the arachnid's legs.
Promethean to the night, you count
the links in chains, wonder at what
secret you can possibly possess.*

iv.

*Sounds you hear hang in old doorways
like the severed lips of liars, false
to the last bitter bite of that cold steel.
The sharp midwinter wind cuts a steady moan,
one you ride on across the reluctant moon.*

Jim Barnes

minds of these first observers remind us that they themselves were even more ecstatic than he is. Scholarship has tended too much to divorce the worlds of action and of imagination. Literary scholars treat the works of the early Americans as if their authors lived outside of the lines of geopolitical reality. Historians treat the lyrical outbursts of explorers and settlers as if those utterances were extraneous to a primarily political process. But Columbus, Hakluyt,

Winthrop and Byrd confronted a world which was—in F. Scott Fitzgerald's phrase—commensurate to their capacity for wonder.

As he was finishing his third voyage, Columbus wrote to Dona Juana, governess of the Infante, that God had predestined him to make his discoveries and had even shown him the place. It required a powerful imagination to deal with America, and *Prophetic Waters* tries to deal with that imagination. □

Against the Grain

WALTON BEACHAM

In what finally amounts to a spoof on the accuracy and value of critical opinion, Jay Hubbell's *Who Are the Major American Writers?* surveys a variety of lively information concerning literary reputations. What emerges is what we've known all along: that we've pretty much failed to appraise our best writers in their own time, either by critical commentary, literary prizes, or financial rewards. Hubbell takes the Pulitzer Prize as a nice example of this: "Measured from *The Sun Also Rises*, published in 1926, it took the Pulitzer Advisory Board twenty-seven years to discover Hemingway. Ellen Glasgow won with her twenty-third (and last) novel, Upton Sinclair with his forty-seventh. If you measure from Faulkner's first indubitably great novel, *The Sound and the Fury* (1929), it took twenty-six years before the judges discovered him. Six years after being awarded the Nobel Prize, Faulkner won the Pulitzer, two years after Hemingway had won it with *The Old Man and the Sea*." In 1921, the Bookseller's prestigious poll of American writers selected Joseph Hergesheimer, Henry Van Dyke, and Gertrude Atherton as three of America's five best authors.

And so it went with Erskine Caldwell.* Once, when collard greens ran two bits a bushel, Caldwell was praised as the bright young man of American literature; he went on to publish more than forty novels and story collections, and a dozen books of commentary. In the 1930s he was the best selling novelist in the world with more than 7 million copies of his books in print, and at that time such works as *Tobacco Road*, *God's Little Acre*, *North of the Danube*,

and *Journeyman* were graced with high critical praise. From every standpoint—social impact, literary influence, productivity, popular appeal—Erskine Caldwell was a novelist who deserved serious attention, but that was then, and readers and critics have since left him off the long list of distinguished writers who are said to be part of the Southern literary renaissance. Caldwell has received no National Book Awards, no Pulitzers, and no one would think to suggest him for a Nobel Prize; his books are seldom included in college courses, and few critics write articles about his work.

Caldwell's literary reputation did not follow the usual pattern of gradual rise, gradual decline and fall, and subsequent critical "rediscovery." According to his own account, no editor would consider publishing his work for seven years, but when his luck turned in the early 1930s he could scarcely miss. The reviewers, and there were many of them, found the stories in his first two books, published in 1930 and 1931, brutal and distasteful but "stunningly imaginative," and when *Tobacco Road* appeared in 1932, the critics were confused, as if they had never seen a book such as this before, as if conventional criticism could not apply to it. Three widely discussed books in two years is an auspicious beginning for a young writer, and the fact is that Caldwell was the first well-recognized Southern novelist of this century to remain in and write about his region. The influence of his South on the rest of the country and indeed the world was enormous, much more significant initially than the South of Faulkner, Wolfe or Warren.

Until 1943 when he published *Georgia Boy*, Caldwell enjoyed the attention and finally the plaudits of every major mag-

azine in America. He was averaging substantially more than one book a year (in 1935 he published four), and they all received a good deal of press. Then, mysteriously, the critics' response to his work reversed more radically than it has with any other prominent writer in this century. When *A House in the Uplands* appeared in 1946, there were few reviews, and by the time *Episode in Palmetto* came out in 1950, the critics had become vindictive: "Mr. Caldwell used to write stories of people who had a rich and earthy vitality," one critic began. "He wrote them with humor and much compassion and insight so that his stories gave him a ranking among the leading novelists in this country. Now we must speak of his achievement in the past tense." He was labeled "a cheap, disappointing" writer, and since 1946 very few critics have had anything favorable to say about his books, and few major periodicals have bothered to review his work at all. *The Nation*, for example, which reviewed seventeen of his eighteen books published between 1930-43 has reviewed only one since then, and this article is the first substantial piece on Caldwell to appear in a major periodical since an *Atlantic Monthly* interview in 1958.

What was it that so disappointed critics about the man they initially called one of America's best writers? Journalistic critics said it was because he was repetitive, writing *Tobacco Road* over and over again, but then, some writers who have produced only one good book enjoy constant praise and Caldwell has written at the very least several good books. Other media critics objected to the "gratuitous violence" in Caldwell's novels, although his later books are no more violent than the earlier ones. Literary critics have been better and more specific with their criticism, saying that "his characters personify a violence which is so one dimensional that it bypasses the tragic implications and is never resolved into pity." While this kind of criticism seems more valid than the charge of his being repetitive, it is nevertheless contaminated with prescriptions as to what literature *must* be, not what it can be. Literary critics inevitably compare Caldwell to Faulkner and Wolfe, using the convoluted ingenuity Faulkner lavished on his characters as a scale against which Caldwell's depraved and intellectually impoverished people are measured. The guilt and agony of the Southern experience have penetrated the rest of America to the extent that critics are disposed to punish or ignore the Southern writer whose

*Erskine Caldwell's most recent book is *Afternoons in Mid-America*, a collection of letters and drawings with Virginia Caldwell (Dodd, Mead & Co., 1976).

Walton Beacham, former book editor for the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, is a novelist, poet and general editor for the *Associated Writing Programs Series for Contemporary Poetry*.

material and imagination run on a different track.

When Caldwell and Faulkner first began publishing, there was a cultural barrier around the Civil War states. It is only 90 miles from Richmond to Washington, but in 1930 it might as well have been 900. Throughout the 1920s American readers looked to New York and Paris for cultural guidance, and if a few Southerners such as James Branch Cabell and Ellen Glasgow were read along with other American writers, it was not because their novels embodied Southern character. Faulkner's work, first published in the 1920s, was not much read until two decades later, and few writers attempted to depict any more of the South than conventional portrayals of the deposed aristocracy. Even Scott Fitzgerald saw no literary potential in *Zelda's* Birmingham. Metaphors were made in Madrid, not Mississippi, because there was no glamor or glory left in the lost South. Then came the depression, and the American consciousness turned inward in search of some form of stoicism which would make endurance possible.

It is natural enough, then, that readers might turn to the South. It was not that the South had a monopoly on pain, but that people outside the region imagined it as the very model of a barren territory where surviving demanded full effort. Once the paper world of Wall Street collapsed the land gained increasing significance. If nothing else, the Southerner was tied to his land and had fought the Civil War at least in part to preserve its agrarian qualities. Southern writers knew their stories well: how the land sustained the bodies of white masters but in doing so increased their guilt and the pain of injustice; how the land seemed imbued with ghosts which, as a Southern poet has said eloquently, could never leave because they had nowhere else to go.

In the 20th century the South has produced writers eager to show their countrymen that their emotional resources are capable of restoring honor to a people fallen into disillusion. Of all the characteristics attached to the South, and the Southerner, both within and outside the region, *honor* is the one, perhaps only, element which everyone agrees describes both the glory and malady of that paradoxical land. That is not to say that Southerners behave any more honorably than anyone else but that they, like the ancient Greeks, believe that honor determines a man's worth.

In his sense of honor, the Southerner is medieval and romantic, condoning inconsistencies and injustices in its name.

A NURSERY RHYME RECALLED

*Stern, resplendent, delicate, the poems I remember,
But none of them more piercing than the old woman's cry,
Laughed at in April but daunting in December,
(Old woman, old woman): "This is none of I!"*

*Are these the legs that madly raced downhill and up again?
These arms—are they the ones embraced my lover arm and thigh?
Few hours fail to offer me the same black bitter cup again.
(Old woman, old woman): "This is none of I."*

*From Mother Goose I learned it first, and well do I remember
The April air and a child's delight in that high-pitched creaky cry.
But now it numbs me, cold as truth—all summer it's November.
(Old woman, old woman): "This is none of I?"*

Babette Deutsch

The Southerner imagines himself a kind of vassal in a world which presents man's station in life as his duty and challenge: if he does honor to his station, then he has fulfilled his duty to God and himself. Everything else is secondary, and the Southerner may well steal and cheat and still believe he has been honorable to himself, his lady, and his society. Or so it would seem in the stereotyped ideal from Rhett Butler to Thomas Wolfe's Grover and Eugene. When the code is broken, we want to know why, and we praise the Southern novels which show us the tormented minds of men who abuse honor and, having no allegiance to it, create their own deprivation and final destruction.

In his sense of tragedy and the honor which accompanies it, the Southern writer takes himself very seriously, sustaining both the fact and the myth of suffering man. Faulkner's books achieve exactly what Faulkner, in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech, said literature ought to achieve: they uphold man and give him a voice which will prevail over the powerful forces that threaten to do him in. Honor is an illusion, but a necessary one, and lest anyone doubt that it is real, and feudal, we merely have to look at President Carter's infamous *Playboy* interview to see it reconfirmed: "The thing that's drummed into us all the time," says Carter, "is not to be proud, not to be better than anyone else, not to look down on people but to make ourselves acceptable in God's eyes through our own actions. . . ."

It is a paradoxical philosophy, striving for humility and by obtaining it becoming special. Paradox and myth, humility and pride, tragedy and catharsis, sin and redemption—these are the ingredients of the Southern storyteller, whether he is Faulkner, or Miss Lillian chatting with John Chancellor on election night. It is a noble literature which in-

cludes Southern writers from Wolfe to Welty; nearly everyone, that is, except Erskine Caldwell, whose characters are neither honorable nor dishonorable, moral nor immoral, and whose lives give us neither cause for hope nor justification for suffering. Caldwell's novels make no attempt to create metaphors which explain the shadow on the wall, much less the source of the light, and what finally emerges against the backdrop of depression and Reconstruction literature is that Caldwell is not a *Southern* novelist at all but is, instead, a Southern *journalist*, in the same sense Sherwood Anderson was a journalist. We've been trying to read Caldwell in the same way we read other Southern novelists—as myth makers—instead of accepting and admiring him for his keen eye and ability to make certain kinds of facts come alive.

That is not to say that Caldwell cannot tell stories as well as anyone else in Georgia or Mississippi, nor that his books are less accomplished, but that he has no interest in sustaining honor as *The Code*; Caldwell's books are not and have never pretended to explain the pillars of Southern society: religion, history, place, and responsibility. They are like a camera whose lens will produce only a sharp and unmistakably realistic photograph, and it is our own failing as readers that we wish to take his portraits as representations of something larger, of all Southerners. The pictures seem, in fact, almost more real than their subjects, but it is only through such super-realism that Caldwell makes any statement at all. There is little difference between his novels and the four books of photographs with commentary which he and his wife produced together, and perhaps all of his novels should have carried the same title as his much praised book of photographs, *You Have Seen Their Faces*.

When Americans began reading Southern literature in the 1930s they sensed

only that somewhere on the other side of the cultural wall was a land whose violence might help them put their own upheaval to rest. Not until Caldwell came along as a portrait painter were there clear models of the Southerner, or one type of Southerner, and Caldwell's books became primers, if not prerequisites, for all the other Southern novels read in subsequent years. If ever an audience was primed for a writer, it was the sensitive American reader of the dust bowl 1930s, and Caldwell limned his portraits so stunningly that he could not be ignored; for at least a decade Caldwell's characters become synonymous with the Southerner, and readers outside the region believed he alone could instruct them in the Southerner's obscure psyche. Caldwell's books provided a clear, precise beginning, and it might be speculated that Caldwell hastened our ability to comprehend Faulkner and the others by presenting us with the setting out of which the Snopes's emotional complexities could arise. Sadly, it has been to Caldwell's detriment that he does his journalism so effectively, and so realistically that we believed he was making the sort of myths and metaphors Hemingway had with his journalistic fiction. But such was not the case, and we emerge from Caldwell's novels with no sense that violence has meaning or structure.

Having performed the vital service of unlocking fundamental mysteries of the South, Caldwell's photographs became not only unnecessary but annoying. Yes, yes, we said to Caldwell, you've shown us the ugliness and we know too well how it looks. Show us something else. Make the ugliness into something worthwhile which will alleviate our fears. But Caldwell refused, and he outgrew his usefulness, making a nuisance of himself by continuing to show us the obvious, and refusing to create myths which would help set things right again.

Caldwell's characters are incapable of redemption, not because they are evil but because they are not given that option by their creator. We reject them for it and for their emptiness, and in our rejection we affirm our belief in honor. Caldwell does not imbue his personae with enough perception to be either honorable or dishonorable; they do not know enough to know that they want to change. Unlike the depraved characters in other Southern novels, his possess no emotional consciousness and so, as men of conscience, we do not wish to identify with or care about them for very long. And so it is likely that Caldwell will be the least favored of Southern writers until the code of honor and spirit of redemption which the South gave to the nation falls into disfavor. □

MUSIC / David Hamilton

Two notable musical "farewells" marked the month of May—the quotation marks indicating that, far from retiring, two of our time's most vigorous and versatile figures were merely departing certain spheres of activity in favor of others. In Boston on May 11 and 12, Gunther Schuller conducted Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder* in his final concerts as president of the New England Conservatory of Music. By coincidence, Pierre Boulez would have selected the same work for his leave-taking as music director of the New York Philharmonic at the concerts of May 12-14, but its preparation was precluded by the orchestra's schedule this season, tightly squeezed by the late start consequent upon the renovation of Avery Fisher Hall. Instead, he offered Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*.

The score that asserted Schoenberg's absolute mastery of the romantic style (but was, sadly, not heard in public until after his later works had caused many to question his musical competence), *Gurre-Lieder* is an intense experience under most circumstances. In Boston's Jordan Hall, with the 300 performers spilling off the stage and into the auditorium, it was at once intimate and intense—no bad thing, for there is in it

much light textured writing that emerged with particular clarity. And there could have been no better testimonial to the standards achieved during Schuller's tenure than the way the Conservatory players and singers met Schoenberg's demands. There were rough moments, to be sure, but by and large these "student" forces matched with enthusiasm Schuller's feeling for the score's large span, his mastery of the transitions between episodes. The work of the soloists—Phyllis Bryn-Julson (Tove), D'Anna Fortunato (Wood Dove), Henry Grossman (Waldemar), Kim Scown (Klaus Narr), Keith Kibler (Peasant) and Michael Steinberg (Speaker)—was solid, often very expressive. At the end, the warmest response was that directed to Schuller from the stage, in obvious gratitude for what he has given the students over the years.

For non-Bostonians, there are at least a number of recordings to evoke the breadth of potential experiences offered to students there during the Schuller years—most of them, unfortunately, on the only sporadically distributed Golden Crest label. Standard repertory, of course: Strauss's *Heldenleben* (Golden Crest NEC 105) and Stravinsky's *Rite*

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of *Spring* (NEC 106), conducted by Schuller; choral music (NEC 104); contemporary American chamber music (NEC 109); the radiant, expansive *Paradiso Choruses* by Donald Martino, one of the composers on the NEC staff (NEC 114). A fine and varied Bicentennial concert is on NEC 111, and of course Schuller's advocacy of American music has reached far beyond the conventional paths. In addition to the famous album of Scott Joplin music from "The Red Back Book" (Angel 36060), there is a successor on Golden Crest CRS 31031 and an interesting historical survey, *From Rags to Jazz* (CRS 31042). The school's Jazz Repertory Orchestra has made impressive re-creations of the music of Duke Ellington (CRS 31041) and the arrangements of Paul Whiteman (CRS 31043), and there is even—what other conservatory can make this claim?—a New England Conservatory Country Fiddle Band (Columbia M 33981).

Schuller brings to such enterprises his impeccable credentials as composer and advocate of the most rigorous contemporary art music, so his advocacy has commanded special attention. There are many ways to make music, he seems to be telling us (and his students), which can all nourish one another: the same players take part in the country fiddle music, the Whiteman charts, and Schoenberg's mammoth orchestra. In the future, with more time at his disposal, we may expect further demonstrations of this proposition from Schuller: more composition, a second volume of his indispensable history of jazz, more performances (he remains artistic director of the Berkshire Music Center, and of its invariably stimulating Festival of Contemporary Music), more recordings like his invigorating collection of American marches with a platinum-edged band (*Footlifters*, Columbia M 33513)—and, surely, many other things not yet foreseen as well.

Over the six years of Pierre Boulez's tenure as musical director of the Philharmonic, his limitations of sympathy have surely been sufficiently rehearsed in these pages—and, I hope, his strengths as well. For these last were real indeed, and his departure leaves a sense of genuine loss. When here, he invariably generated excitement—by substantive musical achievement, not by personal flamboyance—not only at Lincoln Center but also during his occasional forays with other ensembles. Coming from a special situation at the BBC, where he had the imaginative and farsighted support of the controller of music, Sir William Glock, and the enthusiastic approval of a young and articulate critical community, he

sought to re-create the same flexibility within the more rigid, divided New York order of things. It is currently fashionable to say that he failed (without, of course, noting that few others have aimed as high); the wonder is that he succeeded as well as he did, for no single institution in this city has the power of the BBC, while the Philharmonic is further saddled with the stringent demands of its subscription series. (During his last week here, Boulez compared this subscription system to a six-lane super-highway: "You can't just shut it down in order to do something else; the traffic"—that is, the steady income—"has to go somewhere. All you can do, maybe, is shut down one lane at a time.")

If Boulez underestimated the difficulties that faced him, he has nevertheless changed much. His was the image—and the incredible appetite for work—that made possible the special festivals, the Rug Concerts, the Prospective Encounters, and some other innovations that now appear to have been discarded (though perhaps only because of the aforementioned time squeeze in this, his final season). The Rug Concerts return this summer, without Boulez, on a looser schedule and with far fewer repetitions of works from the main season than in the past; it remains to be seen whether this will yield comparable results. The Prospective Encounters have not yet found a suitable home—the Great Hall of the Cooper Union is too diffuse in acoustics, too stark in ambiance—but they should continue (they would, incidentally, be an admirable arena in New York for Gunther Schuller's multiple talents and expertise). The potential of these projects has not yet been fully exploited, but they are useful initiatives to loosen the standard institutional formulas of concert-giving. The new musical experiences, the new audiences they have given rise to are but one mark of Boulez's presence at the Philharmonic.

Nor, I think, has the man been unchanged by the experience. On occasion, one has heard him change: this season, over a span of several concerts, an initially grim performance of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony took on appreciable qualities of color and understanding; while at another concert Debussy's *Nocturnes*, as precisely voiced as ever, flowed more subtly than it did when he first came here. I fancy something similar happened with the *Damnation of Faust* at the final concerts; at any rate, the last one, which I heard, struck me as more flexible and sympathetic than what was reliably reported of the first one, if as yet without the impetus that his best performances eventually achieve. Surely we would have wished to hear less of

the music that didn't really engage his sympathies (or, at least, had not yet fully done so), more of what he cared about passionately. The former is often enough available from guest conductors and from other orchestras (after all, New York is hardly dependent exclusively on the Philharmonic for the standard literature), if often performed with other and equally crippling limitations; it is for his precise, committed presentation of the latter—especially the central literature of the 20th century—that we will remember Boulez's New York years. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Extraordinarily intelligent, supremely self-conscious, James Joyce did not wholly understand himself. What eluded him was the fact that he was seeking within himself the essence of godhood that could not be found there. A lapsed Catholic, he believed himself an enemy of the Church, when in truth he never ceased being deeply, ineradicably *Irish* Catholic. His formidable intellectual equipment served on the personal level to addle his brain and conscience. Fortunately he was a lord of language and a genius.

If I begin my review of *Exiles*, the play Joyce completed in 1915 shortly after writing *A Portrait of the Artist*, in this abstruse way, it is because there is something in *Exiles* and in much of Joyce's work that leads to fuzzy comment.

I have seen the play three times in different productions. (The latest is now at the Circle Repertory Company's theatre.) On each occasion I have had difficulty remembering its by no means tangled plot. It seemed to me that it was not taking place in the "world," or even on the stage but within Joyce's turbid subconscious. At first, I was under the impression that the ruminative quality I found in *Exiles* was due to productions which were so subdued or "faraway" that the characters appeared to be speaking from the bottom of a well.

But the Circle Company's production has been directed by Rob Thirkield to be more normally dramatic and much more lively than the two others I have seen. As I left the theatre I felt that at last I grasped the play, which is on its surface not the least bit arcane; but when I came to "explain" it to myself, I found once again that it had all become unreal, as if it had vanished in vapor.

It is an autobiographical play. It is about Joyce's relation to the beautiful, uneducated girl he took off to Europe as he exiled himself from his native land. In the play she is called Bertha. When Joyce, here renamed Richard Rowan and the author of a highly esteemed book, returns to Ireland after nine years abroad, now the father of an 8-year-old son, he is visited by his one-time rival, a journalist named Robert Hand, based on Victor Cosgrave, a friend from Joyce's university days. Another character figures in the play, Beatrice Justice, Hand's Protestant cousin, with whom Rowan evidently had had an affair before he took up with Bertha.

Though still Rowan's admirer and champion, Hand nevertheless desires Bertha and is bent on possessing her. Bertha appreciates Hand's feeling without returning it in kind. Almost encouraged to do so by Rowan, she accepts Hand's advances though she is not actually tempted by them. She is, however, jealous of Rowan's former liaison with Beatrice Justice who, being an educated woman, can share Rowan's lofty

concerns; Bertha is especially hurt by his continuous promiscuity.

The dramatic crux of the play comes from Hand's inviting Bertha to an assignation in his private quarters, which she is egged on to by Rowan. She accepts the challenge of the invitation. Rowan wants her to feel free as he is. He will not prevent her doing anything she wishes to do and he tells Hand the same. There is even his passing suggestion that, if Bertha were to give herself to Hand, he might feel closer to both!

In Bertha's encounter with Hand, nothing happens, except conversation. She assures Rowan of this, but we suspect that he had almost hoped as much as he feared that they had consummated their contact. (Rowan speaks of sexual union as "the death of the spirit.") Despite Bertha's avowal of innocence and enduring love for him—her "strange, wild lover"—Rowan is wracked by jealousy. "I have a deep, deep wound of doubt in my soul," he says. Indeed, he doubts *everything*. Knowing himself to be a sinner he is ridden by guilt, the old Irish-Catholic-inspired guilt which extends, except for art, to doubt of all human existence.

Though it seems forthright realism, there is a veil over the play's proceedings that no amount of straightforward

acting can penetrate. Hidden behind that veil is the author's masochism and the painful mental effort to rid himself of it and the feeling of guilt which causes it. But for all Rowan-Joyce's lucidity of expression, it never brings about anything more concrete than a yowl of distress.

Everything spoken in the play could, and may have, been said in life, yet the dialogue sounds like an interpretation of, or brooding on, Joyce's past and present experiences. It is not living speech, speech uttered as things are taking place. A dramatist, no matter how poetic or stylized his play, must make us believe in the immediate reality of its action. That does not happen in *Exiles*, which means that Joyce is no playwright. Yet the psychological turmoil of which his play is wrought still exercises a degree of fascination, if only because it is the stuff of the author's spirit and suffering.

One need not complain of the production. It attempts a lightness which makes the play appear more overtly dramatic than it really is. To its credit, the cast—especially Neil Flanagan—plays with candid understanding. But a much more complex inwardness, a greater maturity of mind and sensibility are required to make *Exiles* Joycean. □

STREET LAMPS

*After sunset
the long pink tide
finally slips*

*from photo cells
atop each pole
and one, two, three*

*down the hill
above the brick walk
it begins—*

*not the white
protective hovering
and shimmering*

*of cold nights
and early bedtimes
but a harsh glow:*

*purple, man-made.
Angels? Not quite,
but they keep*

*a kind of faith
with a sloping road
running from*

*those white nights
slanting snow, the tree
full of bloom*

*the hot rigid light
and its terrible spears—
we're never alone.*

Peter Makuck

INDIGENOUS MUSIC/ Nat Hentoff

The jam session was a freewheeling tourney of kindred though ceaselessly competitive spirits. At first, it was largely an after-hours institution. Their regular work done, musicians from various combos and bands would gather and play into the light. Like the gunfighters of the Old West, reigning style setters were continually being challenged and, once in a while, a young apprentice would end the long night as part of the establishment, having at least temporarily conquered an idol. Some heroes were never blown down. There is no record, for instance, that Louis Armstrong was ever overcome, even for a night.

Gradually, the concept of the jam session was extended to allow the public in on occasion. Clubs would bill special sessions, on Sunday afternoons or on a slow weekday night, at which imported horns would vie with local improvisers. And then Eddie Condon put the jam session on a concert stage. The ambiance wasn't quite as buoying without booze (that is, the audience didn't have booze), but there was still an abundance of unpredictability. Jazz, of course, is always supposed to be unpredictable, but regu-

lar bands sometimes would settle into regular licks. At a jam session, however, it was hard for a player to avoid spontaneity, for good or ill.

The nationalization of the jam session came in the middle-1940s when Norman Granz, a passionate, ambitious fan, set up his first Jazz at the Philharmonic troupe. Granz's idea couldn't have been more basic. Hire a string of name horns, an ecumenical rhythm section with a lot of stamina, and perhaps a vocalist. Then let them have at one another, night after night, in large concert halls throughout the nation. No arrangements were necessary, no conductor, and certainly no rehearsal time. Not that Granz skimped on money. Into the present, he is regarded by hordes of jazz players as the best-paying and fairest of all jazz entrepreneurs. Or, as Roy Eldridge has put it, "When you go with Norman, you always go first-class." But it is temperamentally, rather than economically, that Granz has always been impatient with excess. He likes his jazz lean and brawling, and that's what Jazz at the Philharmonic was most of the time.

The Granz jazz shoot-outs, which

toured regularly here and in Europe into the late 1950s, varied widely in quality—depending on the roster during any given season and also depending on how some of the gladiators felt on a particular night. And as might be expected, given the size and pride of the talents involved, some evenings were blazingly historical.

John Lewis, who later became musical director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, recalls a JATP evening on January 29, 1946, during which a number of notable swing-era improvisers were jousting with Charlie "Bird" Parker, the raffish ring-leader of the new "bop" forces. "Bird," says John Lewis, "made a blues out of *Lady Be Good*. That solo made old men out of everyone on stage that night."

There is some hyperbole there, but Bird's solo was indeed a vivid witnessing to the changing of the jazz order. And now it can be heard again as part of a two-volume reissue set on Verve—*Bird and Pres: The '46 Concerts/ Jazz at the Philharmonic*.

Astutely selected by Bob Hurwitz, these high points of JATP's first year encompass such legends, then as well as now, as Lester Young ("Pres"), Coleman Hawkins, Dizzy Gillespie, Buck Clayton and the aforementioned Bird.

The music is absorbing on its own, and also for its intensely evocative historic overtones. Not only are Bird and

Dizzy proving here that they can stand up to their musical progenitors but there is continually unfinished rivalry between Hawkins and Young. Diametrically opposed in style and temperament, they had long dominated the tenor saxophone: Hawkins with his robust tone and expansively harmonic imagination and Young, with a more airy sound and a more lithe, quicksilver conception. Hawkins's beat, moreover, had enormous depth and force; Young's was more subtle, supple and, for that matter, more modern. One can hear, for example, the debt Bird owed Pres in sound and in how to play with time.

There are other, almost forgotten, improvisers at hand, most notably alto saxophonist Willie Smith—a clear-toned, incisively lyrical swinger. He was not "modern" by the standards to come but as these performances indicate thirty years later, Willie nonetheless transcended categories. Also now in the limbo of jazz history is Howard McGhee, a trumpeter of stinging emotional precision who was both of the swing era and the new language, but who somehow never quite reached an audience of a size commensurate with his distinctive imagination.

There will be more JATP reissues, reminders of how lasting the excitement of these tournaments could be. And now that Norman Granz is active again in jazz, he may put together another troupe of hot gunslingers for the 1970s. □

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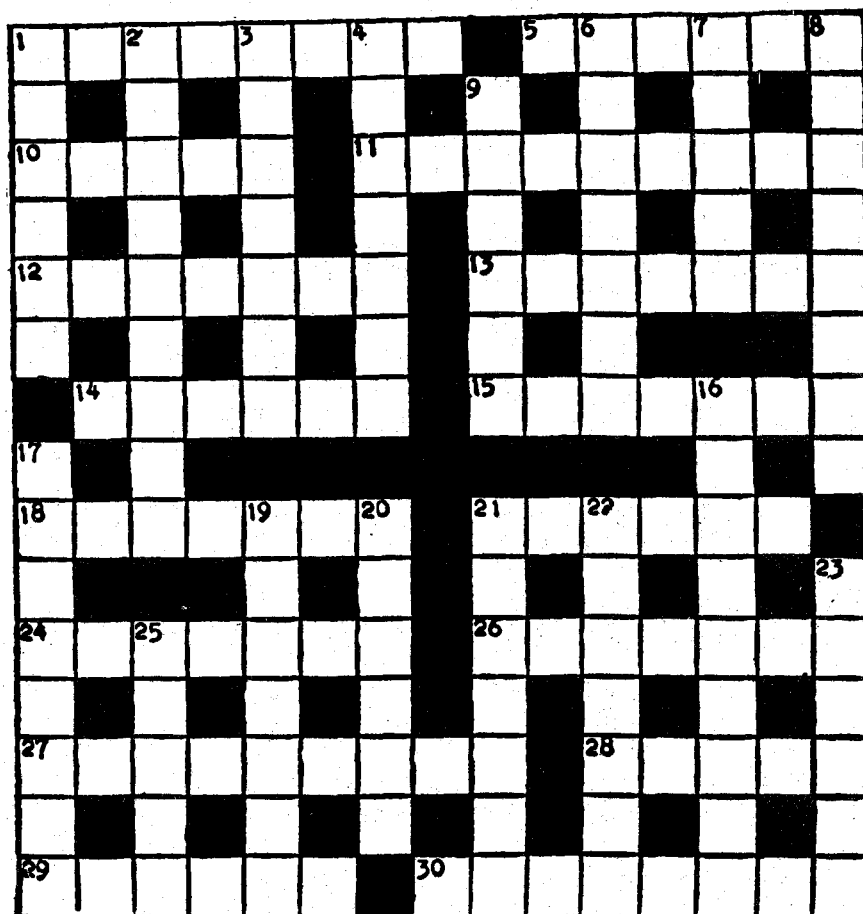
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1683

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 When you see the mail come, you could prepare tea for some people. (8)
- 5 and 10 Evidently the masseur wearies of what cars have to roll on. (6,5)
- 11 and 21 across Descriptive of al fresco affairs that anyone can go to. (4,2,3,6)
- 12 A lot of military people take years to make what might easily be held by the enemy. (7)
- 13 The relative popularity of programs with service personnel? (7)
- 14 A number of sins are supposed to be.
- 15 A person is never accompanied by this.
- 18 Sort of in time, and right in it for the time intervening. (7)
- 21 See 11 across
- 24 Support us, when caught in a moral blemish. (7)
- 26 See 9 down
- 27 A regular end to the poorer section of the city—it may be the movement is responsible. (9)
- 28 I'm left out of 18, and put down for the last time. (5)
- 29 Take me back to your leader, as you might say, and prepare the relief. (6)
- 30 A finer sort, when it comes to color, is implied. (8)

DOWN

- 1 and 3 Dilute the condiment, and win approval this way. (3,3,7)
- 2 Such a sort of steersman really doesn't exist. (5,4)
- 3 See 1 down

- 4 A battle town of France and a cathedral town of England, in general terms. (7)
- 6 and 20 down The last word is so left to the very small, evidently. (2,2,3,6)
- 7 Stick here, though in the south it takes on French coloring. (5)
- 8 Some tape recorders won't play this way, as one quickly unfolds the story. (5,3)
- 9 and 26 across The traditional Russian symbol is obviously on the radical side, since there's no going straight ahead if you do. (4,2,3,4)
- 16 A sort of pie with the middle- being the most shaky part. (9)
- 17 Peculiar old vices, but that's one way to break things up! (8)
- 19 Arrives at continuous extents of water.
- 21 What you can't do to a good book is a form of disparagement. (3-4)
- 22 Descended from *Apidae* in a direct way? (7)
- 23 Look fixed, if anyone did. (6)
- 25 Wash bench in part, possibly. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1682

ACROSS: 1 Current account; 8 Malapropisms; 10 Third party; 11 Spot; 13 Tights; 14 Criteria; 16 Extended; 17 Wretch; 19 Owns; 20 Comes clean; 22 New Testament; 23 The first person. DOWN: 1 Come to the point; 2 Rolling stone; 3 Expediting; 4 Thomas; 5 Critters; 6 Ohms; 7 Port Washington; 9 Spirit levels; 12 Stern chase; 15 Reporter; 18 Tea set; 21 Pelf.

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